Gluttonia
Gurmond's Hall.
Erelick Fatneſs here doth dwell.
Keepe Leanneſs out and all goes well.

Gluttonia
Gurmond's Hall.
Erelick Fatneſs here doth dwell.
Keepe Leanneſs out and all goes well.

Quaffonia.
Gulpers Court.
The house of Youthfull mirth and Lusty Cheere
Peace, wine, sport rest, have all their Mansions her
Dominions of Prince del Amour.

Shrewsbourg
Cockatrixia
the Prince
Del Amour

Dominions of Prince del Amour.
Blubberick
Tetlingen
Goffipingoa
Hermaphrodites
Courtier

Pfittacorum Regio.

The LAND of PARROTS: Or, The She-lands.

WITH

A Deſcription of other ſtrange adjacent Countries, in the Dominions of PRINCE DE L'AMOUR, not hitherto found in any GEOGRAPHICAL MAP.

By one of the late moſt reputed Wits.

The Propheeie of *Seneca* in *Medea*.

——*Venient annis*, &c.

——— When certain years are ſpent,
Hereafter ſhall the ſpumy Ocean ſhew
His ſecret ſtore, and ope to Mortals view
A larger Continent.———

Licenſed *Nov.* 9. 1668.

London, Printed for *P. Kirkman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop under St. *Ethelborough* Church in *Biſhops-gate*-ſtreet. 1669.

To the

READER.

Courteous Reader,

ONely in one thing I must intreat your favourable censure, and that is in my allusions here and there, unto the names of some Cities and places; assuring you (as your ingenious examination of the particulars will perswade you better) that I had no intent to intimate any Collation or Reference of the State or Manners of those I describe, unto theirs to which I allude. Let this Protestation therefore clear me from sinister Imputations, and you from all unjust suppositions.

And know all you that have not yet seen these Lands, but do intend to take a view of them hereafter; that you must first take one of the French

Doctors

Doctors Pills, Despoulez vous de tout affection; *and this will enable you fully to indure the alteration of all Airs in this Clime. Secondly, you must not follow my example to travel at the first single, but two or three in a company; for one you know may apprehend more then another can; and I my self that thus miscarried, give you this warning, having incurred my own misfortune onely by this my desperate neglect, which you may also occasion by your too much conversing with the* She-landers. *Thirdly, you must go over the Country thrice, ere you shall be able to make any exact platform of it: once for* Strabo, *who may somewhat inform you for Geography; once for* Socrates, *who may instruct you in the Morality; once for* Merlin Cocaius, *who perhaps may acquaint you with the Language and Etymology. No more at this time, but aboard when you please, and a good gale of Wit go along with you.*

Psittacorum

Psittacorum Regio;

THE LAND of PARROTS;

OR,

The Shee-Lands:

WITH

A Description of some other strange adjacent Countries in the Dominions

OF

Prince de l' Amour.

I Know not yet what Travel means, if he that leaves his Native soyl, to pass but into another Country, or over a Neighbour-river (admit it be the *Rhine* or the *Tweed*) deserve the name (as vulgar opinion seems to allow) whereas he never changes either Skie, Air, or Soyl: I see not (if this be true) any profit, or any

worth in the World contained in Travel. My Parents and my friends at *Mount-auban* have written very often for my return, as though I were far from them: whereas I (believe me) have imagined my self for two whole years there, as if I had been at home: for how little a way is it from *Mount-auban* to *Paris*, from *Paris* to *Callis*, from *Callis* to *Dover!* truly when I think of the Land, it seems about an elle; in the Map, a fingers breadth; in the form of the Heavens, just nothing. Nor see I any reason why that *England* should be held my native soyl more then all *Europe*: for if you stand upon diversity of Language, how many Languages differ from ours? If the conditions of the Nations move ye, view not *Europe*, but view the whole world, and every Province thereof, leaning to the qualities of those that adjoyn to it; as the *Polypus* is said to change to the co-

colour of every ſtone ſhe comes neer. Turn you therefore which way you will, I cannot ſee how this half a foot travel can benefit us any way. Indeed I hold, that our *Drake* and our *Candiſh* were Travellers, as alſo *Sebaſtiano Delcano* the *Portugueſs*, becauſe their Voyages put girdles about the whole World: nay, I will allow *Chriſtopher Collono* that name alſo, for his diſcovery of the *Weſt-Indies*; *Franceſco Piccaro*, and *Almagro*, for *Peru*; *Hernando Magellano*, for the *Molucca's*; and Sir *Hugh Willoughby*, for his Northern diſcoveries; together with all ſuch as have found out unknown Regions, or have reduced them to order. And truly (I will tell you plainly) my minde did prompt me to an enterprise of this kinde, ſuch a one as the world might gaze at, and all poſterity record with admiration. Heroick thoughts having fired my breſt full often, and whilſt others neglected

&ted them, have kindled a bold attempt in me, Methoughts I ſaw theſe unknown Lands, which no man ſo much as dreamed of; which cauſed me as chearfully to reſolve to diſcover them, for I could not do otherwiſe then imagine but that they did lie towards the *Cape of Good-Hope*. Valiant Country-men, we muſt hope, and we muſt dare. Bug-bears of dangers are onely fit to fright Babies, whereas they do but animate bolder ſpirits; if we ſhould ſtick at them, we ſhould never look out at our own doors. This was the cauſe that *America* was ſo long unknown; and had been ſtill (for ought I ſee) had not a *Dove* been ſent as it were from Heaven, which plucking off the Olive-branch from this Continent, taught us by that, that there was more Land, and leſs Sea then we dreamed of. O how ſacred ſhall his name be to all poſterity! his Statue ſhall be advanced for

us to gaze upon, and to remain whilſt the Earth keeps her foundation. It is as great a glory (think I) to be called *The new Worlds Diſcoverer*, as her *Conqueror*. And why may not we have the ſame ſucceſs, and the like glory? I am verily perſwaded, that the large Continent that *Seneca* propheſied of, is yet undiſcovered, and remains to yeild us this honour, if we dare venture on it. I do not queſtion but that there are ſome will follow me in this my late famous enterprize; for whoſe greater delight and encouragement, I have written this diſcovery, which I preſent to the world in this following Relation.

After I had taken leave of my friends and acquaintance, I embarked at *All-winds Port*, in a Ship called the *Fancie*: we ſayled very proſperouſly for ſome days; at length we fell into a Current which our Pilots

were not acquainted with; and being unable to reſiſt its impetuoſity, we were hurried to a Land which had not yet been diſcovered. As ſoon as we had caſt anchor there, it being very ſecure riding all about, we ſent Captain *Young* on ſhore, with two of our beſt Souldiers, *Merry-man* and *Good-fellow*, to diſcover what they could of the Country: from whom after a ſhort ſpace for their return, we had this following Relation, That this new diſcovered part of the World was called *Pſittacorum Regio*, or, *Womandecoia the ſhe-lands*, which are in the Dominions of *Prince de l' Amour*, ſcituated towards the *Cape of Good Hope*, looking towards the *Tropick of Capricornus*; a Country repleniſhed with many *Fountains of Orange-flower-water*, and Trees whoſe heads are ever green; and ſuch a great quantity of *Sweet-William* and *Roſemary*, that the very air is perfumed with it.

That

That the Grounds were fertile enough, but badly *Husbanded* (it being pity it ſhould be otherwiſe, the men being ſo *ſhrewdly wived*) yet nevertheleſs, ſometimes they are more fruitful then the inhabitants deſire; for they bring forth before their time; and the fruit falling ſo plentifully before it is expected, doth cauſe very great differences, to the detriment and diſquiet of the Publick good.

They acquainted us alſo, that before we could arrive at the *Shelands*, we muſt paſs through ſeveral Provinces, both large and rich, yet all of ſeveral Conditions, Habits and Languages.

We could not but reſt ſatisfied with their intelligence; wherefore (after we had taken care and well provided for our Ship) and refreſhed our ſelves, we reſolved to try our various Adventures. For my part, I ſo depended upon their re-

lation, that I could not otherwiſe then believe that the Country was rather pleaſant then dangerous; inſomuch that I travelled ſo far into it without any conduct, that I miſtook my way, but at laſt fortunately diſcovered a ſtrange Province called *Gluttonia* (*High dyet* being an introducer into *Laſciviania*) which is alſo in *Prince de l' Amours* Dominions.

The ſoyl of this Province is worthily admirable, the Air delicately temperate. O how it pitied me, that ſo bad Husbandmen ſhould poſſeſs ſo fruitful and pleaſant a habitation! In Latitude it lyeth full thirty two degrees, and in Longitude forty four: it joyns to *Quaffonia*, where they ſpeak the ſame language, and are ſcituate in the ſame Longitude and Latitude: they have both one Prince, one Law; and a happy Reformation (if there could be ſuch a one) would make them concur both in

in Prince, Law, Habit and Manners. The *She-Landreſſes* of *Woman-decoia* traffique much hither, but more to *Laſciviania*, where (when there is a truce between them and that Province) they uſe to make exchange by bartering of Chriſtalline Glaſſes for Unguents and Pomanders.

To avoid prolixity, I ſhall here chiefly diſcourſe of the preſent cuſtoms and manners of the Natives of this Country. Every Month they are bound by their Law (and would be ſo, were there no Law) to celebrate a ſolemn Feaſt, where every *Aldergut* of the whole Society muſt preſent himſelf, all excuſes and delays whatſoever ſet apart, to conſult (after dinner; for before, it is unlawful for any one to give his voice) about the publick good. The place where they meet is *Gurmonds-Hall*: every one knoweth his ſeat, and hath his *Jourdan* or Chamber-pot ſtanding by him, in a little Coffer made

made for the purpoſe. Well, being met, and having turned their Wine into Water, and their Oyſters into Shells; every one takes his Chair, and to dinner they go. Their daintieſt diſhes are evermore the firſt ſacrifices unto their ſtomacks: for they hold that the beſt meat meeteth fitteſt with the beſt appetite. Now they do not count it convenient, as to their appetites, in any caſe to have their Boars, Sheep, Goats, Lambs, *&c.* ſerved up in parcels and joynts, as we of *Europe* uſe; but they muſt have all whole, (the old *Romans* taught them that:) you ſhall ſee the Waiters come ſweating with a whole Hog, or an whole Calf, upon a great pewter Engine, you would bleſs your ſelf to behold it. He that riſeth before ſix hours are fully run, incurs a moſt rigorous Fine: and after this, for a while they eat and drink by little and little onely (for that cauſe that made *Ariſtotle*'s Paraſite

raſite *Philoxenus* wiſh himſelf the neck of a Crane) to take the more delight in the delicacies. But for the breaking up of the Feaſt, they obſerve this order: They have a door in their Hall, large enough for the greateſt *Gut-monger* that lives, take him faſting: at this door they all enter, when they come to the Feaſt; which being ended, he that offers to paſs the ſame way that he came, and cannot get his belly thorow, is let forth another way: but he that paſſeth as eaſily as he came in, is ſtaid by an Officer appointed for that purpoſe, called the *Serjeant* of the *Maw*, and brought back again, (will he, nill he) where he muſt ſettle himſelf to a new *Collation*, until his belly be able to kiſs both the cheeks of the door at once; and then he is diſmiſſed. (I cannot be fully perſwaded, but the creeping through Saint *Wilfrids* Needle, which was whilom to be ſeen in

Bever

Bever-Caſtle, was a device brought by ſome ancient Pilgrim, from this more ancient cuſtom.) Nay, mark but whether theſe men have not a care of the Cities credit. They have a common Hoſpital (and that I'll aſſure you a large one) wherein all ſuch as have got the Dropſie, the Gout, the Cough of the Lungs, or any ſuch malady by too much eating, are maintain'd at the publick charge. But all ſuch as have loſt their Teeth by age, or by ſupping their Broth too hot, are forthwith provided for conveniently, and ſent away into *Spoon-meat-Iſlands*.

Moſt of theſe Citizens are of an unmeaſurable groſneſs (and ſeemed to me when I ſaw them, to walk much like ſo many tuns, moving each upon Pottle-pots:) nor is that man worthy of their meaneſt ſalutation, that is not all cheeks to the belly, and all belly to the feet; like him whoſe Epitath this was:

Here

Here lyes Sir John *of* Red-croſs-ſtreet :
He was beard to the belly, and belly to the feet.

And ſuch ſhapes do the Women of this City walk in alſo : (the *German Towns* do pretty well in imitation of theſe *Great Boſſes*; but the *Barbarians* come very neer them) the young Women may not marry till ſuch time, as before a Bench of Matrons, they make a publick demonſtration to their Husbands that ſhall be, that their Dugs and Chins may meet without any forcing of either. They go for the moſt part all naked, onely the *Alder-guts* may wear Gowns; marry, thoſe muſt be onely the Skins of ſuch Beaſts as they are able to devour alone at one ſitting. Yet there is no Freeman of the Town, but wears a large Knife, and a Spoon as big as a Ladle bound

to

to his right arm. Before, upon his breſts, each one weareth a poke of Hair-cloth, to ſave what otherwiſe may fall beſides, and to wipe their mouths withal; but thoſe they uſe ſo long in this greaſie imploy ment, that whether their ſhining exceed their blackneſs, or their blackneſs their ſhining, he had need to be well ſighted that ſhould diſtinguiſh. They are naturally dull of wit, and ſlow of apprehenſion; and yet, notwithſtanding, moſt perfect in all the Arts they reſpect. Their Schools have no Lectures read in them, but onely *Apicius his Inſtitutions of the Art of Muncherie*: and there all the young Fry are taught the Sciences of Carving, Chewing and Swallowing: Oh moſt profoundly! The *Gluttonian* Lecturer (when I was there) was one *Doctor Full-Gorge*, a man moſt rare in his Profeſſion; and inſtead of *Grammar*, he read the firſt Section of the aforeſaid Inſtitutions of *Apicius*

cius. Their Library is a large room, ranked full of Pots, Kettles, Spits, and belly-Utenſils of all ſorts, every ſort being enſeamed in their ſeveral *Claſſes:* the Scholars have alſo each one his full Pot, and his laden Platter, for his book: the Freſhmen have leſſer meaſures, the Sophiſters larger, and ſo up to the *Graduats.* The firſt, perhaps, hath his Pint and his Pullet; the next, his Quart and his Gooſe; the third, his Pottle and Quarter of Lamb, or his Gammon of Bacon; and ſo upwards: nor may any leave his task, or have leave to play, till he have made an end of what was injoyned him. If one ſtay ſeven years in theſe Schools, and benefit nothing, he is, forſooth, baniſhed for ever into *Starveling-Iſles*, to *Hungerland* is he ſent immediately, to dyet upon *Spaniſh* dinners, furniſhed with half Pilchers. Thither alſo they thruſt all Phyſitians and Preſcribers of dyet:

dyets: if any of them are ill at eaſe (let *Aſclepiades* ſwagger and hang if he will) he preſently eats a raw Radiſh, drinks a little hot Water, ſpews a while; and within a quarter of an hour, *Viah*, he lets flie upon *Ajax*, and afterwards riſes up as ſound as a bell.

This Region aboundeth with Rivers, whoſe courſe is (moſt of them) uncertain, becauſe of the abundance of Ordure that ſtops them, ſometimes here, and ſometimes there; but generally (take this for an infallible rule) at the beginning of *January*, and the end of *February*, they are ſure all of them to overflow the Bancks, and (if the breaches be not ſtopt in time) to do much harm in the Paſtures adjoyning.

Gourmonds-hall is a very fair large Houſe, beautifully ſet forth with Arched-bay-Windows; and upon the front of the entrance were written

ten in Letters of Gold, this gutling inſcription.

Frolick-fatneſs here doth dwell:
Keep leanneſs out, and all goes well.

And within there hung a Table chained to a Marble Pillar, containing theſe inviolable Laws. *Be it Enacted,*

1. *That eating but one meal a day, be henceforth held for a capital tranſgreſſion.*

2. *That he that overthrows a full diſh or a cup raſhly, be forthwith by vertue of this Statute enjoyned to ſtand upright on his feet, and having a diſh of Broth ſet between his heels, to eat it up with a Thimble.*

3. *That none eat alone, nor violate the Laws of the Table by any private ſuppers: but that every Citizen do eat either in the Street, or in any open window, upon pain of eating*

ing his next meal with his heels upwards.

4. *That whosoever forbeareth to eat or sleep some hours together, do satisfie the* State *by eating two Suppers.*

5. *If the Mouth be full, it shall be sufficient to give an answer by holding up the Finger.*

6. *That conspirators against the* State *of* Gluttonia, *be forthwith starved to death; and other Malefactors punished with the loss of a Tooth.*

7. *That all Cooks that dres not their meat according to the judicious Palate, be immediately bound unto Stakes, and flesh half-roasted hung by them, until some pittiful and hungry spectator take compassion upon them, so as to eat it all up.*

8. *That to belch be held not onely lawful, but honourable also: and that the Government of the next following Feast be assigned to him, that broke*

broke winde the ſtrongeſt at the laſt.

9. *That every mans weekly Maungery be brought in a* billa vera, *by his fellow Gourmandizer, unto the Regiſter to be recorded; and withal, that if he have not fulfilled the Law in that caſe enacted, he may accordly be fined.*

Signed *All-Paunch.*

Thoſe that are the leaſt offenders, are put for four and twenty hours into the *Temple of Famine*; a Priſon directly contrary to our *Bedlem*, *Beth-lehem* in Hebrew ſignifying bread. It ſtands without the City, as *Æſculapius* his Temple ſtood without *Rome*: but not for healths ſake, (as *Plutarch* ſaith that did) but onely leſt ſuch as are condemned to that Gaol, ſhould ſo much as once ſent the Air of the Kitchin. The Walls of it are paint-

Victuals, to excite the prisoners appetite, to his greater vexation by tantalizing of him.

I next arrived at *Quaffonia*, of which I would have none to expect any exact description, for I durst not for my ears go into any City of the whole Province, until it was dark night, that all the Citizens were wrapt in Wine and warm Clothes; and then (you cannot but imagine) that it must be otherwise then very unlikely, that I should discover many remarkable things: you may perhaps say, what should you fear? Faith I'll tell ye: hark in your ear! I feared the *Bourgomasters* bounty; for their fashion is, as soon as any one sets foot in at the City-gate, to give him, by my troth, as I was informed, not a few carouses, and lifts of Wine for his welcome: Oh, they receive him in pomp; and all out of the Common Purse of the City: He must pull

all

all off, and drink fair to a pearl on his Nail, or elſe he is held an ungrateful, unmannerly fellow; and which is worſe, a direct Foe to the common good of the City. Now I feared both this honour and this danger; and therefore you cannot in the leaſt queſtion, but that your ſcruple of Conſcience is fully anſwered.

This Province is as large as *Gluttonia*; but if it were leſs, what that hath in wealth, this hath in intemperance. There is no Country or Nation under the cope of Heaven ſo fortunate in the abundant delicate juyce of the Grape, as this is. The peculiar Wines of all our Kingdoms of *Europe*; the *Germains Rheniſh*; the *Frenchmans* White and Claret; the *Spaniards Xerez*, *Maliga*, and the *Canaries*; truth, they have them all in exceſs. The temperature of their bodies are ſomewhat different from the *Gluttoni-*

ans, for they delight in the qualities of heat and drought; whereas the *Quaffonians* more especially affect heat and moisture: But their bodies and their Wits hold both one Key in difference: for the *Fuddlelanders*, as they are more ingenious then the *Eat alians*, so are they more lascivious in their young years, as they are generally more quick-witted; but being come to a graver age, (especially old age) they grow so forgetful, that one may call them *Sots*; you shall not have one amongst twenty of them that can remember his own name.

There is not any River in the world comparable to that which runneth through this Province; *Danaw*, *Thames*, *Seyne*, or, *Sir Walter Rawleighs* River in *Guania*, put them all in, they are but kennels to this: For besides the pleasing *Meanders* that he makes in his wanton course, the water is so sweet and delicate

delicate, that neither the best *Europes* Wine, nor the *Turks* delicious *Zerbeth* (though made of hony and water) can possibly go beyond it. This worthy Son of the Ocean, hath one peculiar Fish belongeth unto it, called a *Tappe*; and this Fish will sometimes lye by the Shore, and spout a great quantity of water aloft (marry, the remaining of it in his belly hath made it somewhat more pleasing to the taste then it was before) and this the Inhabitants watch for in Boats; and when they get it, they highly esteem of it. This River passeth through *Turning-fry*: Faith I had almost forgotten one Town, it goeth from thence to *Celleridge*, ere it comes to *Broaching-ford*, and so by *Broaching-ford* passeth directly unto *Carousakannikin*, the prime City of the whole Province. It is a name that I understand not, further then I have a little light from the *Germane*

Tongue: but as for the City, it is built upon a Hill, and carryeth the form of a *Tankard*, from what Quarter soever you behold it. It is of ancient renown, and one of the best seated Ports for traffique in all the whole Land. On the East part it is strongly fortified with Barricadoes and Bulwarks of *Barrels*, and the Roofs of the House are most of one and the same manner, covered with the boards of broken Casks: In the entrance of the Gates, from morning until night, there is placed a double Cannon of *Pewter* (for their Law commandeth this to be duly observed) the Citizens call it the *Flaggon of Hospitality*; and round about it are these words ingraven, *Aut bibe, aut abi*; *Drink or be gone.* He that arriveth must either drink it all off, or else he is carried before the Magistrate, to render an accompt of his Contumacy. The Arms of the City are advanced

over

over the Gate; and they are the three Horſe-leaches upon three naked Feet in a bloudy Field; the word, *Plænæ quieſcimus*; *Being full we reſt.* Here by a fortunate chance I met with a *Laſcivianian* born, who was bound for the City, as well as I; his name he told me was *Cinciglion*, an *Italian* word expreſſing the noiſe that the Wine maketh in running from the Tap. He (being acquainted with their faſhions) brought me ſecretly by night into the Town, and ſhewed me ſuch things as I ſhould never have diſcovered of my ſelf. Their buildings are not much unlike to the *Gluttonians*, but that the Fronts of their Houſes are ſo wholly hid with ſpreading Vines, that had I not ſeen the Signs hang out on every ſide, I ſhould have ſworn I had been in a Vineyard, and not in a City: Believe me, it was a pleaſant ſpectacle. In the Market-place are all the

the Measures hung up in Chains, sealed with a stamp on their tops. The Inhabitants go naked, but for a wreath of Vines about their foreheads; their skins are painted, some with such tipling Figures as Nature breaths forth; others after the manner of the *Picts* and ancient *Britains:* You shall have some painted so perfectly after a Flaggon, that if he set but his hands on his sides, you would swear that it were a living Flaggon. I did see one also, so directly in the shape of a Whale, that when he vomited, no man in the world but would have taken him for a live Whale, spewing up the *Ocean.*

I had a great desire to see the manner of their publick Feasts, and yet not to be seen by the Citizens. So my Comrade at last agreed to perform my request, and to satisfie my longing; indeed he gave me withal certain cautions of danger, that I might

might avoid, if I were discovered; and likewise he informed me in some necessaty points of behaviour: so having my instructions about me, he being my conduct, we got us into the Town-hall, in the evening, unspyed of any. By and by came the *Quaffonians*, just as the *Glottonians* do, onely they had more drink, and less meat. Every one had his purveyance, at either Elbow a Piss-pot for his Urine on one side, and a Bowl for his Vomit on the other.

At first, they begin a sacrifice to *Bacchus*, their General God: not as the *Romans* did of old, with pouring a little Wine upon the ground; no, no, far more religiously, and with more stately Ceremonies. At the upper end of the Table stands a stately Statue of *Bacchus*, holding in his right-hand a mighty great Goblet, of such weight, that (as *Virgil* said once) the left hand now

and

and then, as it were, endeavours to help her Sister. Into this Goblet, or standing Cup, the Master of the Ceremonies, in the Name of the whole Company, pours a Rundlet of Wine, (it holds no less, if you will believe me) which passing in Pipes, as if it were in Veins, into his Mouth, when he pist, both at once made a pretty shew, as if he had both pissed Wine and spewed it, all in a moment. And this is the Hour-glass proportioning the continuance of the Feast; for when he leaveth pouring out, they must all leave pouring in. Then, Sirs, comes me up a Service of Shooing-horns (do you see) of all sorts, Salt-cakes, Red-herrings, Pickled-herrings, Anchoves, and Gammons of Bacon, (*Westphalia* may go pipe in an Ivie-Leaf, if it seek to equal these) and abundance of such putters on. And then begins the full Pots to go round about the Table,

and

and the empty againſt the Walls; ſo that you cannot tell whether they are ſooner filled to be emptied, or emptified to be filled; but (as *Plautus* ſaith of one) the Drink is ſure to go off, be it out of Can, or Jourdan. Now when one of them will drink to another, he firſt challengeth him with a ſolemn Ceremonial Song, the Reliques of ſome Tavern-Catch. And then they joyn hands faſt together, and giving a ſound ſhake or two, the Challenger advanceth his moiſtened Weapon, and blows it dry: He may puff a little, but the Pot is diſrobed of his Liquor, ere it be ſevered from his gripe: and then the other anſwereth him at his own Weapon. The ſecond courſe is not very dainty; but howſoever, they moiſten it well with redoubled Rouſes. Then comes the Fruit with the third Courſe, and that in truth is very rarely furniſhed; and being almoſt finiſhed, and the Cloth being

then

then thruſt on a heap, the *Maſter* of the Ceremonies cryeth *Healths*, three times with a loud voice. I imagined this had been a ſummons to the breaking up of the Company, and was going thence; when my Aſſociate pulled me by the ſleeve: *Why, how now you ſleepy ſpectator* (quoth he) *would you be gone when the feaſt is hardly begun? ſtay till the concluſion of it, I beſeech yee: do you ſee how faſt God* Bacchus *his Hour-glaſs runs?* So I ſat down again and ſtayed. Then ſteps me out one of the Company, and taking off his wreath, down upon his knees he placeth himſelf, (I thought he had been going to his prayers) and preſently calls for a Quart-pot; *An health* (quoth he) *unto great Bouſing-gut our Tun-ſtrider*; and preſently the Pot ſtops his Mouth: he drinks, he puffs, he belches, he talks, until within a while he had gulped down as many Quarts, as his

his Name had Letters; and when he had done, he falls a ſpewing, till all cryed twang again, and dyes (as *Horace* ſaid)

The Pavements where he ſtood,
With proud Lyæan *blood.*

Well, they all follow in order from the higheſt to the loweſt, each one with the ſame Port, execution, and ejection; proving himſelf hereby, alſo a faithful Citizen, and (which is more) a ſtrenuous *Toſſafakan.* This paſt, up ſtarts another, with this Catch:

A health to you and us, this day,
And a health to all Drink-elia:

Seaſoning his Song with many a goodly belch (quoth he) it is a hot night, let's drink and ſleep; and ſo down upon his Marry Bones; up he takes his Pot hand-ſmooth, the Devil a bone findes he in the drink. After him they muſt all follow;

Woe

Woe be to him that hangs an arse. This ſhowre overblown, out ſteps a third, and he advanceth a quart of plump *Lyæus* to the health of all *Quagmiriſts*, (which is the general name of the moſt eminent perſons of the famous City of *Carouſakanikin*: briefly, after him they go; and thus all of them in order brings in his foundation of a new *Round*. Now every one having his ſhare, they muſt each of them, as they ſate (pox on't, that madded me) go play the Poet: of one of theſe might *Horace* have truely ſaid, *Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit. The man is mad, or elſe he maketh Verſes.* And theſe verily they make out of the inſpiration of *Bacchus* onely (the Muſes may go hang themſelves for any room they can finde there:) and herein according to the old manner that *Plutarch* ſpeaketh of, every one ſings his Song, and inſtead of his Harpe, he had a Knife and a Quart-

pot

pot; and truely they plaid fine muſick on it. One in his Song commended his Miſtreſs; another, the goodneſs of the Wine; a third, related all the paſſages betwixt him and his wife at home; and ſo it made me remember that old ſaying of *Laberius*:

Ebriulati mentem hilarem accipiunt.
(binde,
When Wine's effects the brain doth
Then Mirth doth caper in the minde.

Another rimed all in Satyr againſt one that was not at this drinking-bout: and every one (me thoughts) kept *Anacreons* Meaſures: He was a drunken Poet, and dyed of a Surfeit; if you will not believe me, it is but putting your ſelves to the trouble to read *Francis Meres*, in his *Wits Common-wealth* (which perhaps you will not eſteem worth your time.) While theſe Songs were

a ſinging, it was a world of ra
ſport to ſee their ſeveral behaviours
every man had his humour to him
ſelf: you ſhould ſee one, for ver
pure love, weeping in his fellow
boſome; and another ſit a kiſſin
of his Companion: one ſetting hi
mouth on the rack with laughte
(wiſe were the men that could te
at what) another down upon a
four in devotion to *Bacchus*; a thir
ſwaggering and ſwearing, becauſ
the Bowl of Wine was brought hi
no ſooner; a fourth arguing of Re
ligion, and matters of State: An
here in a corner, you ſhould hav
a fifth ſit nodding and ſlavering,
would do a blind-mans heart goo
to ſee him, with ſeveral othe
ſtrange undecent poſtures, no le
unfit then too tedious to inſert. A
the beginning of their Feaſt, be
cauſe they generally have (as hat
been ſaid) very ſlippery memorie
quickly forgetting what they do
the

they have a publick Notary, whom they call *Clerk of the Winde-pipe*, who is appointed to Register every particular Carouse, and so files them up for common Records, what each man hath drunk, and unto whom; which done, after the Feast he reads them to the Company, (if any be awake to hear them.)

Pottle-gulp	Unto	Swoln-gut	4 Gallons
Swolne-gut		Fuddle-deep	4 Gallons ½
Dry-mouth		Lurch-cup	3 Pottles
Draw-large		Broken-belt	7 Pottles
Sup it off		Full-brink	half an hogshead

Concordat cum Originali

P. Skinker.

If any have failed in the taking of his Liquor, he must forthwith make present satisfaction (if he be able) otherwise, at the next meeting he is sure to pay sound interest for his

forbearance. Well, the Roll being read, and the Hour-glaſs run all out; Marry, quoth I to my Comrade, but how will they get home now? that marvel I at moſt. Oh, well enough, Sir, (quoth he) trouble not your head for that. Do you not ſee thoſe Ropes there in the Court, that have faſtned unto them Iron Rings? theſe the ſervants (who may not touch a drop of Wine till the Feaſt be done) being ſo ſober as to know every one his own Rope, do take hold of, and the other end being faſtned to their Maſters Door, ſo draw themſelves and their Maſters both in one Cart, directly home. It is like enough that you ſay true (ſaid I) but what if one ſhould come in the mean time, and tye the Ropes further end to a wrong door? Why do you think (anſwered he ſmiling) that any one wakes this night? yet I have known it done, and the Cart go to a wrong Houſe, and the man

to

to another mans wife; who perhaps being as drunk as he, never discovers the matter until next day at noon; and then, that which they ignorantly committed, they do wittingly laugh at: for it is a Principle here, *That a drunken man can never offend*; for it is the offence of *Bacchus*, that he is but an Instrument unto, and no otherwise. But I remembred that place in *Lucian's Dialogues*, That *Bacchus never bids them drink more then what may suffice to exhilerate Nature*. In the Town-Hall, properly called *Gulpers Court*, there hangeth up that ancient Embleme of the Order of their Knights of the *Golden Tun*: he that can drink this Vessel thrice off, and go his ways without any indenting; for this good service he is presently knighted, and hath besides a chain of an extraordinary value bestowed on him. The Knights have a large Charter, and

are allowed many goodly priviledges; they have absolute command in all Taverns, and at all Tables. They may furnish so many Souldiers in Pewter-coats out of any mans Cellar in the Town, *Gratis*: and besides, they have full authority as concerning Brimmers, and to put what limits they please unto every mans Pot-tipling. These hardy men have great conflicts at every solemn meeting (as the Sword-players had in *Rome*, or as the *Helots* had with the *Lacedæmonians*) their Weapons are full-charged-Cups; and he that carryeth most of them away cleer, is Conqueror, and leads the rest about the Town (if they can go) in triumph. And this is their trial of the Victory: If he can put his Finger just into the flame of the Candle, without playing hit-I-misse-I, let him spew whole Fish-ponds, he is a sober man.

Now Reader, I will present thee with

with the Laws of the City of *Carouſa-kanikin* in the Province of *Quaffonia*.

It is Decreed, and abſolutely Enacted,

1. *That all Promiſes, Oaths, Bills, Bonds, Indentures, or any other conveyances whatſoever, made, or cauſed to be made in the afternoon, be utterly void and of none effect.*

2. *That no man of what ſtate or degree ſoever he be, have his Cups private to himſelf, upon pain of drinking two days after in a Fire-ſhovel.*

3. *That if any one caſt away any ſnuff, but meer froath, he be forthwith enjoyned to fall down upon his knees, and ſo to lick up the othermiſe periſhing Liquor.*

4. *That he that ſweareth by* Bacchus, *and keepeth not his word, be utterly diſabled from making any*

Will, and bearing any Witneſs.

5. *That he that ſtriketh with a Pot, and either ſpilleth the Wine, or breaketh the Pot, be injoyned to touch neither Pot nor Wine for four and twenty hours after.*

6. *That he that mixeth Water with his Wine, be ſent to ſup with the Dogs.*

7. *That every one pledge his Challenger in the ſame Cup, and in the ſame faſhioned draught, upon pain of being debarred from drink for two days after.*

8. *That all that ſtay three days in the City, do offer ſacrifice to* Bacchus.

9. *That ones calling of a Citizen Thief or Whore-maſter, bear no action; but to call him Temperate or Abſtainer, ſhall be lyable to the Law.*

10. *That the Pots in Banquets be either always full, or empty: the Waiter that preſents a Pot half filled, and the perſon that takes it, ſhall be*

both

both guilty of breach of Good-fellowſhip.

11. *That he that being ſober, ſhall ſtrike him that is drunk, be immediately diſabled for giving teſtimony in any cauſe whatſoever: but the drunken man ſtriking the ſober, ſhall be acquitted.*

12. *That he that being ſober ſhall rob him that is drunk, be forbidden Wine for ever; and if he kill him, he ſhall be put to death by thirſt.*

13. *That he whom either Nature or Sickneſs hath made abſtinent, be baniſhed the Land.*

14. *That he that goeth from any publick meeting, without ſtaggering, be accounted a Malefactor in the higheſt degree.*

Subſcribed

STILYARD.

Over

Over the Portal of the Hall were these Verses written.

The House of youthful Mirth, and lusty Cheer;
Peace, Wine, Sport, Rest, have all their Mansions here.

That same night I was a Spectator of their more then rambling Revels: one of the *Carousa-kanikin Quagmiristi*, whose House was of some hight, being loose in the breech, intending to go thither, where neither Pope nor Emperour can send an Ambassador; and being truely tap-shackled, mistook the Window for the Door; and so stepping rashly on, he came down with the wrong end forward, and in plain English, broke his neck. His Funeral was very richly set forth, I can tell you: Every *Quaffonian* was dyed all over with black, and for that day wore

wore a Cypreſs Wreath inſtead of his Vines. The body was not laid in a Coffin, nor upon a Herſe, as we uſe; but being put into a Cask half full of Wine, was ſo born to the Grave; and when he came there, it was to lye rather in a Ciſtern of Sack, then in a Grave of Earth, and to be drowned rather then buryed. For whereas the *Romans* uſed to caſt balls of Frankincenſe upon the pit wherein the body was burnt, they did not ſo here, but each one poured his Can of Wine into the Grave; and biding thrice, *Adieu moſt ſweet and corpulent Country-man*, put finger in their eye, wept ſome Quarts of Rheum, and to it they went hand in hand to the Tavern. This *Quagmiriſt* it ſeems was well eſteemed of them; for he had a Statue afterwards erected to him in *Bacchus* his Court, and under it theſe two Lines in fair *Roman* Letters.

Although he took his window for his
door,
His valiant death shall make his ho-
nour more.

And upon his Grave they set up a pretty Obelisk, a brazen Flaggon on the top of it, with these Rimes carved about it; questionless such Epitaphs in Latine are to be seen at *Siena*, two in *San-Domingo*, and one in *S. Spirito*:

By Wine I liv'd, and Wine me kill'd
men say:
For being sober, I could nere see day.
Gone is my flesh, yet thirst lyes in my
bone: (*get thee gone.*
Give me one Rouse my friend, and

Farewel fellow toss-pots.

Now had I stay'd two days in this Town, without ever being demand-

ed

ed what I was; but then my Companion came and told me, My friend, you have had a fair reign; if you stay one day longer, you must perforce do sacrifice to God *Bacchus*: I may not conceal you further, unless you would have me forsworn. No, said I, what custom is that I pray you, that you are so strictly bound unto? tell me the course, and I'll either perform it, and stay longer; or else I'll get me presently gone, and rid us both from future danger. Well, Sir, said he; saw you not the Statue of *Bacchus* yesterday in *Gulpers Court*, and the large Goblet he holdeth, wherein they poured the Wine that runs out at two passages? I answered, Yes that I did. Well then, said he, you must set your mouth to one of them (chuse you which) and suck until you be able to stand no longer, but fall flat to the ground, and so must you lye under the Spout, wallowing

lowing in the Wine, until all be ru
out upon you. How like you this
Faith, said I, it is not altogether s
delightful; but I beseech you te
me, was there ever any strange
that offered this sacrifice? All, all
quoth he, and not a mans tail tha
escaped it, but to it he must, maugr
his Beard: some will come spiritful
ly to it, but others are fain to b
haled to their teat, like a Bear to th
Stake.

Well, Sir, said I, I'll be jogging
hence: onely I would intreat yo
to inform me which Country in thi
Tract is next in Dignity to this, an
the worthiest of travel. So faith h
told me, *Hot-watrea, or Licor-ardente*, which is under the govern-
ment of *Sir Limbeck Stillitory*, a
Knight of the Noble Family of *Tak off your dose:* and so led me for-
wards, and shewed me the way, a
plain as *Dunstable* Rode; and then
courteously gave me the *Basciolo*
manos

manos. I thankt him heartily for his *Valienado*, and so we parted.

Now I all alone took my way towards the North, leaving the River of *Froath* behind me, until I came at *Spewersbury*, the filthiest Town that ever I saw since my Mother cradled my head: onely this I must tell the Reader by the way, (for I promise ye it put me often to a shrewd pother) I was as much troubled with Pots and Flaggons in my journey, as a Clerk of the Market, or as the Traveller that hath far to go, is with the *Spanish* and *Italian* crosses; I could never trace it three Miles to an end, but I should finde a bouncing Tankard placed under an Arch, and drink I must needs, no gain-saying of the Lands Hospitality: at last I overtook a Traveller in an old tattered Cassock of Haircloth, barefooted, and bareheaded. I demanded whither he went so fast? Sir, quoth he, I have undertaken

taken a long Pilgrimage unto Saint *Borachio* of *Bottlesbrook*.

I wondered at this new name, and this as yet undiscovered Pilgrimage; so I questioned him at large of the Country, of this Towns situation and discipline; and finally, of the Vertues of this *Borachio*. *Bottlesbrook*, Sir, said he, is seated in the confines of *Hot-watrea*, and *Lascivia-nia*, and is of great fame throughout both the Soyls. Besides divers other ancient Monuments in the Town, there is a Temple of *Bacchus Fiery face*, they call it the *Cappel-Ardent*, where a rich and rare Statue of his is erected, not like a grown man, but very youthful, just as his Father took him from the burning Womb of *Semele*; so it is, having been long ago so cut out of the hard Rock of Rubies. The top of this Temple is all set with Carbuncles, and golden Sparks, most rich to behold; and from the embowed

embowed Arch there drops, they say, a kinde of hot fuming Liquor (as *Catarácts* do in some places of *Mardelzur*, as *Hackluit* affirms in his Voyages, and is received into a *Borachio* that stands placed accordingly; whose Vertue is such, that if one drink a large draught of it with good devotion, he shall never in his life after be either drunk before noon, or athirst before midnight: both which helps may do me much good; for I am a man so imployed in my Country, that I can never lye in my bed until midnight for thirst; nor never rise before noon, but I am drunk and fast asleep again. Therefore have I gone these three days without drinking at all (save that I drunk one dish of water this morning) because I would merit the more of this holy St. *Borachio*, when I come there; nor dares any man importune me to drink, or any in my company, as long as I wear this

Weed. Bir-Lady, Sirs, you must think I was not a little glad of so great a priviledge; and therefore intreated both his company and patronage. Well, we went chatting on until I observed the Soyl altered; wherefore I asked him, where we now were. This Country, quoth he, ever since we came over the Lake *Metheglin*, is called the Country of *Vsquebah*, as there is an ordinary pass to *Ireland* through *Wales*, being the first Shire of *Hot-wetrea*: It is not so well husbanded, but it is far more fertile then our Country of *Wine-ceſter*, exceeding both in fatness of Soyl and pureness of Air. So when I heard the name, I understood presently both the Original and the Definition thereof; *Vsquebathia*, because they drink *Vsque ad*, even to the bottom: There are other derivations thereof, but those I leave to the six Wits to censure of. Then quoth

quoth I, being very weary, Whither go we now? is not this *Bottlesbrook*? O Lord, no, he replyed; but cheer up your self, we have but, in comparison, a foot of ground till we are there; we are onely to trample a little over the pleasant shores of *Hot-watrea*, and we shall presently arrive at *Bottlesbrook*. But whence, said I, is that smoak? he replyed, It comes out of *Mount Denis*, wherein the souls of such as either lived too soberly, or killed themselves desperately, are purified by fire; and there they burn, until some of their living friends go in Pilgrimage to *Chappel-Ardent* for a Bottle of Saint *Borachio's* water; and pouring that upon their Tomb, they are freed. I smiled at this, and thought now surely I have found the Original of Purgatory: let *Abbot Odilo*, and his Monks of *Cerunæ* tell me never so many tales of Mount *Ætna*, and so many good-morrows, 'tis here

thought I, or 'tis nowhere.

Well, at length we arrived at *Battlesbrook*: in truth I found it to be a pretty sweet Town; marry it was both paved with Bottles, and roofed with Lethern-bougets. I do not remember that I saw any Artificer in all the Town, but Lethern Jack-makers. The reason is, the men of this Country use no pure Wine, as the other *Drink-alls* do, but certain distilled waters mixed with the strongest Grapes they can get; which are so violently hot, that the brittle Glass cannot hold them, and therefore they are forced to fortifie their Bottles with Lethern Jerkins, rivited together with Pitch and Rozen.

We travelled on through many craggy and fenny passages, till at last we arrived at a Port called *Puerto d' Aqua forte*, the Inhabitants of which place drink *Brandfireal*, by most of them for brevity called

called *Brandewine*, ſqueezed from the ſowreſt Grapes, which the *French* (rather then they would throw away) thought it more convenient to make a more profitable traffique of. Some ſay the *Dutchlanders*, to diſperſe the unwholeſome Fogs which ariſe from their Seas, ſtrengthen and fortifie their ſtomacks with this tipple, which I alſo found here, (how they came by it in theſe parts I know not) but this I am ſure, that it is with them *A-la-mode*, luſtily quaft off. The Yeomen of theſe *Brandy*-bottles here are fiery faced, cholerick of condition, of a ſtaggering manner of pace in their going: but that which is moſt terrible of all, they drink, and they breath nothing but elemental fire, meer flames. As much cold, or ſcargut, as one of us will drink, ſo much fire will one of them take: that a man would verily imagine when he ſaw them, that they were ſo many fire-darts, or

as one might call them, St. *George's Flap-dragons*. I was in danger of water before, but now I feared nothing but that I should be fired or stifled with the smoak of an Herb called *Tobacco*, which they took in at their mouths, and gave out at their Noses, resembling the fumes of so many Brewers Chimnies. It is reported, that one *Rollo Waraladon*, an ungodly fellow, one of this Country, taught this wicked vapour by an *Indian* Devil, first brought it hither into these parts; so what for fire and smoak, I thought it necessary to make my escape. I left my companion at his Orison to *Bacchus* (I loved him well, but I loved my self better:) the next morning I hastned out of this *Vulcans* Shop; for so it was a very *Cyclops* Forge, rather then a City of *Bacchus*.

I travelled on so far, that at last I approached the Verges of *Lascivi-*

ana (some give it another name, which I am very willing to forget.) Being extream weary, I set me down on a delicate spot of Nature, (somewhat out of the way) on which finding my self drowsie, and inclining to sleep, *I* might the more freely take a nap. *I* had not been long at my *quietus*, but that *I* was awakened with a most sweet voice; *I* made no inquiry to know who the Singer was, lest my appearance (as *I* thought) might bereave me of such a melodious happiness; my sence of hearing keeping a right intelligence with the pleasant measures of the Verse: to my best remembrance, these were the words of the Song:

Under our climate Nature shows
Her beauties naked to each eye,
Feeding the sight inchantingly,
With rich treasures which there grows.

Upon the Flowers we glittering ſpie
Tears, or (rather) Pearls to lye,
Fallen from the eyes of fair Aurora,
With which ſhe, to whom Zephyrus *makes vows and prayers,*
Doth beautifie each morn, her neck and curled Hairs;
There 'mongſt the ſmiles, and the careſſes,
The little frolick Loves inſpir'd,
Dance on th' ennamel'd graſs till tir'd,
With their fair Miſtreſſes the Graces;
And ſtill when they deſir'd to kiſs,
They came to reſt themſelves (O bliſs)
Betwixt fair Venus *ſnowy breſts, (delights;*
Where they created thouſand new and freſh
Whoſe charmes no language can expreſs,
For every moment life or death was in their
Sometimes we ſee a Satyr *come, (mights.*
Who ſitting in an Oaks freſh ſhade,
Upon his Pipe complaints he made
Of his delightful Martyrdom:
Then go we to a Wood apart,
Where but one beam the Sun *can dart,*
To finde out ſolitarineſs;
And meeting peaceful reſt, which there with it was courting,
We baniſhed all inquietneſs,
Leſt we ſhould have diſturb'd his ſullen ſporting.

There

There under a ſtreight Myrtle-Tree,
Which Fairies holy do eſteem,
Where grav'd by Venus *hand hath been*
Her Trophies, and each Myſtery;
Our ſolemn Vows *betwixt us paſt,*
That thoſe our flames ſhould ever laſt,
Nor ſhould their ardour weaker grow:
Then offering up thoſe Oaths of Victory we'll ſing,
We wrote them on the bark below,
They're printed deeper in our hearts, and there they ſpring.
Sure there's no pen that's ſo laſcivious,
Were it pluckt from a Sparrows Wing,
Can ere deſcribe ſo ſweet a thing
As this ſame Love that dwells in us.
Never tho with clothes unlaced
Adonis Venus *nak'd imbraced,*
Were ſuch various ſports invented;
Nor ere did Love and's Pſyche *fair withhim,*
Taſte ſuch delights, were ſo contented
As when our glutted Veins with flowing pleaſures ſwim.

The Song was no ſooner ended, but thoſe which *I* took then for *Syrens*, ruſhed in upon me from an Ambuſh; whom *I* afterwards found to be neither better nor worſe, then

ſome of the armed *She-landreſſes* (you heard of them of the *She-lands* before) who took and carryed me priſoner (the more unfortunate *I*) a long and toylſome journey, even to their chief City, called *Goſſipingoa*. Thither *I* was brought, and detained a great while longer then ſtood with my good liking. *I* will here diſcover the whole progreſs of their dealing with me, and then *I* will go on with the deſcription and conditions of theſe new undiſcovered people.

As ſoon as theſe cruel Conquereſſes had taken me upon the Borders of *Laſciviania*, they brought me away (as *I* have ſaid) to this their chief City, where they towl'd a Bell, and preſently all the *Petticoat-Inhabitants* came flocking thither in a trice, and began to prie more narrowly upon me, who ſtood bound ſure enough (God wot) for offering them any falſe meaſure.

At

At length one of the rout, (their *Captainneſs* it ſeems ſhe was) gave a ſign to the reſt to be ſilent (as ſhe had need) and then ſhe thus beſpake the Company; What, or of whence this fellow is, *I* do not know, onely we took him in the confines of yonder damned Country of our Enemies, *Laſciviania*; and ſeeing they have offered us ſo much injury, *I* hold it very fit now (if it be not too late) to take revenge of them, and firſt with this priſoner. Now ſhe having made an end of her learned Speech, *I* got leave (with much ado for noiſe) to ſpeak, and ſo declared my Nation, and the cauſe of my wandring, as well as *I* could; and told their *Womanſhips*, that for my part *I* had not any acquaintance at all in *Laſciviania*; *I* was one that wiſhed their *Madamhoods*, and all their Sex, all the good *I* could; and that it would derogate much from their Natures, Clemencie

mencie, and from their Honour and juſt Government, to condemn an innocent Pilgrim, and one that had not in the leaſt offended, without hearing of his cauſe. Well, theſe good words, *I* can tell you, wrought ſo handſomely with them, that the poor young Wenches began many of them to weep: yet the old Counteſſes were not ſo much overſway'd with my Oration, but that *I* muſt to priſon, to a great houſe in the Market-place, called *Cold and comfortleſs*, until my Country and cauſe of my travel were truely manifeſted to the *She-council*. Well, to Ward *I* went; and but for that my Countries name is the true Paradiſe of Women, (as it is the Proverb in *France*, that *England* is the Paradiſe of Women, the *Purgatory of Servants*, and the *Hell of Horſes*) which pleaded for me; *I* had never come out alive: for all the *Laſciviaians* that they take, they either fair-

ly

ly hang them up, or else put them to most slavish offices in this prison; which they do to plague them for their injuries offered: for the people of that Province, as they are most of them wanton, run madding after Whores, out of their beastiality neglecting their Wives, or else through their mad-brain'd jealousie keep them in continual slavery. Oh how many Noble Captains did *I* see in this prison wearing out their lives in Spinning, Carding of Wool, and Knitting! Faith at length, for my Countries sake, *I* had my liberty restored, but not without an Oath; for *I* was brought to *Juno's Altar*, and there laying my hand on the same, *I* was forced to take a solemn Oath to observe all these conditions following:

1. *That I should never go about to injure their noble Sex by word or deed.*

2. *That*

2. *That I ſhould never interrupt a Woman in her tale.*

3. *That whereſoever I lived, I ſhould leave the rule of the Houſe to my Wife.*

4. *That I ſhould never more come to* Laſciviania; *for it is the common phraſe here*, Many go thither good men, but come away from thence evil Husbands.

5. *That I ſhould never aim at more then the love of one.*

6. *That I ſhould never betray my wives ſecrets.*

7. *That I ſhould never deny my wife any womans ornaments.*

8. *That I ſhould continually give women the —— and the praiſe for Beauty, Wit and Eloquence, and defend them againſt all men.*

This Oath *I* willingly took, but believe me, Sirs, not without a little equivocation; though rather then fail *I* would have taken one ten times

times ſtricter. So therefore you ſee my Tongue is tyed by my Oath, not to tell the fine *Conundrums* that *I* ſaw among theſe mad Wenches. Somewhat *I* may ſay, but no harm; no more *I* would, in truth, if *I* had not at all been ſworn.

I ſhall now according to my promiſe make it my next enterpriſe to go on with the deſcription, conditions, cuſtoms, and forms of Government of this *Newfound* Land. As touching the ſituation of the *Shelands*, or *Womandecoia*, it lyeth in that part of the Southern continent, *over againſt Morletare and Beach*, called *Pſittaccorum Regio*, the *Land of Parrots*; it bordereth on the Dominions of Prince *De l' Amour*: on the North ſide it boundeth on *Laſciviania* (a Nation, as we have ſaid, that is a great enemy to it;) on the South, upon *Thrivingois*; on the Eaſt, upon the two *Foppianians*, the *Fickle and Fat*. The Soyl whereof

is

is very fruitful: it is divided into many Provinces, both large and wealthy: The principal of them are these: *Fattingen*, *Scoldonna*, *Blubberick*, *Giglot-angir*, the high and low; *Cockatrixia*, *Shrewesbourg*, and *Blackswanstack*, otherwise called *Modestiana*. Not far from these is an Island, called *Hermaphrodite*, or *Double-Sex*: many of these Provinces *I* did pass through, when *I* was carryed Prisoner to *Gossipingoa*. But to speak truth, *Fattingen*, or the *Land of Parrots*, is the best Country of them all, and hath many fair Cities in it, as *Prutingople*, *Talesborne*, and *Lipswagg*; through the last of which there runneth a great River, called *Silver Streams*, which sometimes will overflow the banks, and drown all the lower parts of the Country, which they call *Chinnedale*; but the Countrymen have now devised very strong Rampiers to keep it from breaking

breaking out any more, but when they list to let it out a little now and then for clearing of the Channel.

As touching their forms of Government, they are allowed of for a Free State by *Prince de l' Amour* (questionless the kindest Prince of the world to Women, and the most unlikeliest to debar them of their liberties) their Government being ruder and differing from his, the women in his Country being more courtly and civilized; and if otherwise, upon any dislike sent hither, where they need not to question their welcome entertainment: For here, for ought I could perceive, each one seeks Superiority, and would be so popular, as to avoid obedience. They have no Laws at all, doing every thing by the numbers of Voices. But the giving up of their Voices, struck me into a wonder, being unacquainted there-

with, for they set up a cry all together; none gives ear, but each one yells, as if she were horn-mad; and is not this able to abash a milde mans spirit? They hold a continual Parliament (if the word signifies so, as it is rendred in their consultations) onely to prattle about their affairs of State; so that *Erasmus*, as he had in part already done in his *Colloquies*, would be able to give a stronger testimony of Womens turning Suitors. Now this continuance is necessary, because of their Laws uncertainty: for the decrees of this day, are altered or disanulled to morrow; but the same day they cannot, lest their Law-givers should seem to be inconstant in their Edicts. Every ones voice is alike in worth, the City of *Gossipingoa* through, but not every ones dignity, for they have a set number of chosen women, they call them *Gravesses*; and these have the Authority of most Honour

in

in each particular City: but they are not born to this dignity, but are elected, either for their Beauty, or their Eloquence; for by these two are all Elections ordered. They had once a custom to elect these *Gravesses* by voices, but afterwards every one giving her voice but onely for her self, it bred a confusion, and so made them to abolish that manner of Election: and then they drew a Decree, that those onely should have the sway in this same envious contention, who would profess themselves neither to be Fair nor Eloquent: But this brought all to such a pass, that in the whole Multitude of them, you should not finde one that would be *Electresses*; the elder sort holding that they had the Eloquence, and the younger standing as firm in it that they had the Beauty. At length they all agreed to pass over these places of *Electresses* unto twelve of the most aged

Matrons of old *Mumpington* (a ruinous Village hard by) and so they did, giving them the most glorious Titles of *Electresses Gravesial*: The chief of whom, when I was there were these, the Dutchess of *Cackletout*, the Countess of *Banne alleyla*, the Arch-presbytereis of *Slaverspreg*, the *Palatine* of *Twittle-comtattle*, and eight more subordinate Electresses. To set them the more agog to their charges, they are strangely adored, and wonderfully cursified. And besides this honourable stile, *The reverend of the age*, wealth and abundance comes in flowing continually upon them; for the ambitious young Wenches will so bribe and ply them with gifts, to have their voices at the day of Election, that I hold that there is not a Court more corrupt in giving voices, or more wealthy in getting of riches. Instead of Scepters and Swords, the *Gravesses* have Fans and

and Glaſſes born before them, huge Chriſtal Glaſſes; and ſtill as they paſs through the ſtreets, they prank up their attires by the ſaid Glaſſes, (and looſe no time) but ſet all their gew-gaws in order as they go along.

There are a few *Shee-landreſſes* born in this Nation, but moſt of them being, as we ſaid, of the unciviler ſort of Females, are excluded out of *Prince de l' Amours* Dominions; ſuch as will either wear their Husbands Breeches, or elſe ſuch as their Husbands jealouſie will baniſh, thoſe are ſent in flocks hither. Now all ſuch as are their Husbands Maſters, and are therefore baniſhed upon the unjuſt claim unto Soveraignty; theſe are aſſigned to inhabite the Frontiers of the *Shee-lands*, eſpecially in the Countries of *Shrewesbourg*; and there they are all put in Garriſon. But as for thoſe that are voluntary Exiles, they are

generally of meek and unmanly ſpirits; and theſe are ſeated in the heart of the Land, to become Votareſſes to *Peace* and *Beauty*; and yet you need never dream that this Weal-publick (however weakly founded) ſhould go to ruine for want of particular Members: and I will tell you why, there are ſo many Volunteers, (eſpecially free-women) come to this Camp, that the fear is rather that there will want room for the new Inhabitants, then otherwiſe. Truely, I am in great perplexity leſt my Country women (though they are uſed ſo well here) ſhould have any underſtanding of this State: for if they have, we may go ſnick-up for any Female that will abide amongſt us; but all will away, we ſhould not have one big belly left to lay the Foundation for a future age by.

At *Goſſipingoe*, I got (beſides my Freedom) the Cities Letters for my Paſs-

Pass-port; and so from thence I took my way towards *Giglot-angry*, a Country lying upon the South part of *Womandecoia*, towards *Lasciviania*; the Land of it self in this part is the worlds Paradise. I was not many Leagues from *Loveseden*, the first Town of this Country, when I entred into an Air as delicately seated, as if the Perfumers in *England* had lately play'd their prizes there for eternal Soveraignty; the whole Country round about it is so stuft with Apothecaries and *Womandrifices*; The rest I omit, as I look upon these as the chief *Magnificoes* of this State. The women of this Country are generally tall, gracefully adorned; and (were it not that they practice the Art of *Sneek-poyling* over much) we might imagine them handsome. They wear nothing on their faces, nor on their brests: as for the rest of their habit, it is fair in shew, light in weight and

easie to mount. I travelled hard, till at last I arrived at a Province named *Shamefgrave*, (for so they call the Shire-town of *Giglot-angyr*, where it is reported that the Sepulchre of *Modesty* lyes. Here their houses are made all of *Muscovia* Glasses, as transparent as Air: where it is labour lost to seek any of them at home, unless you make your inquest immediately upon their dressing time, or somewhat before: But lay your plot to seek them in a Playhouse, or in a Tavern, or so, and it stands upon a good Foundation: for there you are sure to find your Female, either a laughing, a singing, or some extraordinary imployment. You never saw Spider contrive a more artificial Net for a Flie, then these women do for the *Lascivianians* (however their Countries deadly Enemies) yet some of these men serve their desires as Volunteers for provant and preferment.

ment. Others they lay their Ambuſhes for, and fetch them in firſt by looſe Allurements, then by prayers, and then by pence; and if none of theſe means will work, they compel them to ſerve their wanton deſires by force. And when they have done ſo, juſt as your Stallion Horſes are kept for breed, ſo are they ſtowed into cuſtody, dieted with *Eringo's*, *Potato's*, *Cullifles*, and other deviſed diſhes, until *Venus* ſends her ſecond ſummons. This I no ſooner heard, but I hated; and no ſooner hated it, but I avoided it, as neither daring to preſume of my learning, nor policie; but as I knew my ſelf neither to be a proper young man, nor for a fine Gentleman (none diſpraiſed) I durſt not hazard my honeſty upon ſo ſlight Foundations. But you may perceive, it is ſometimes convenient to want a good face: and thoſe things which at other times a man doth blame Nature

ture for moſt, may at one time or other ſtand him in more ſtead then her greateſt benefits in ordinary eſtimations.

Not far from *Guaon*, the laſt Iſle, between *Cape Hermoſe* and *Cape Beach*, lyes *Double-ſex-Iſles*, much like to our *Iſle of Man* on the coaſt of *Lancaſhire*. In this Iſle Nature hath ſo orderly diſpoſed all things to one form, that I could finde no one plant in all the Soyl, but was of a double kinde of Fruits, or one Fruit of two ſeveral kindes and names: there was your *Bean-apple*, your *Cherry-damſon*, your *Date-almond*, your *Cheſtnut filbeard*; and a thouſand of theſe concluſions of Nature: yea, inſomuch, that the very Inhabitants of the whole Iſland wore all their Habits as *Indices* of a Co-aptation of both Sexes in one. Thoſe that bare the moſt man about them, wore Spurs, Boots, and Breeches, from the heels to the hanſhes;

hanches; and Bodies, Rebatoes, and Periwigs, from the Crupper to the Crown: And for those that were the better sharers in Womankinde, they wore Doublets to the Rump, and Skirts to the remainder: nay, their very names bare notes of their participation of either side; there was *Mary Philip*, *Peter Alice*, *Jane Andrew*, and *George Andry*, and many more that I cannot remember. And all their own Nation that have not shewn themselves perfect, both in begetting, and bringing forth, are made slaves to the rest: and when they take any that are but simply of one Sex, you would admire what a coyl they keep about them, as Prodigies and Monsters, as we do those that are born double-headed, or other such deformed births. Their onely glory which they esteem most, is, that in their conceit they have the perfection of Nature alone amongst them from all the world besides:

For

For seeing Nature, say they, hath bestowed two hands, two feet, two eyes, two ears, and two nostrils to every mans perfect body; why should not the most perfect Creature of all be perfect in two Sexes also? And again, *Cybele*, and the *Pathiques* of old *Rome*, were fain to use forced means for that which we have given us by Nature. Thus are they wont to perfect their deformities: and truely you may observe in them all, besides their shapes, both mans wit, and a womans craft. They have no Cattle in this Countrie, but *Mules*; nor any wilde Beasts, but *Hares*: as the *Mule* is held both to conceive and beget; and some hold the like of the *Hare*. They live most upon Shell-fish, for that is their best and most ordinary sustenance.

In my return from the confines of *Giglot-angyr*, being now upon the Western Angle of the same, I did light (just as my staff fell) into the Coun-

Countrie of *Shrewesbourg*, the onely Garriſon of this Feminine Government, and the onely defence it hath againſt Forreign Incurſions. Now this Countrie fearing no Foe but the *Laſcivianians* (for the *Thrivingois* are a quiet Nation, and never will offer to moleſt them; and the *Foppianians* cannot, though they would) therefore they place their Forces or Towns of Garriſon, onely upon the Eaſtern Frontiers of *Laſciviania*.

Here was I ſweetly gull'd; for eſpying perſons in the Habits of men, Marry, thought I, this is good luck, I am now gotten out of *Womandecoia*: but when all came to all, I was neatly couzen'd with a borrowed ſhape: for in this Countrie women wear Breeches, and long Beards; and the men go with their Chins all naked, in Kirtles and Peticoats; ſpinning and carding Wool, whilſt their Wives diſcharge the main affairs of the State. In

In this tract is an ancient and ample Town, generally called *Pepuzia*; and I do not think but *Pepuzian Heritiques* were of this Original, who held that women should be both Princes and Priests, as well as men. The *Barbarians* in *Aristotle's* time never used the women half so imperiously as the men are used here: I had great compassion of their slavery; yes verily had I; the poor Snakes dare not so much as wipe their mouths unless their Wives bid them; nor so much as (saving your presence) go piss, nor pass a word with their best Friend, but they must first come to their Wives with a writ of *Quæso Magistra*, good Mistress give me leave to go, *&c.* I observed this custom to be more strictly looked unto upon one certain day whilst I was there, then at other times by far; and the reason of it was, because that some of the better-spirited Husbands disdaining

to

to be chained in this unmanly subjection by their Wives, had laid a plot amongst themselves to rise up on an appointed night (as it might be this night) in open arms upon the sudden against their Wives, and so to shake off their infamous and disgraceful servitude. This plot had taken a very good effect, had not misfortune crossed it: for one cowardly fellow of their confederacie, being threatned by his Wife to be soundly cudgelled for some other private escape that he had made; to procure himself a pardon, went and revealed all the whole platform of the conspiracie, just the evening before the night appointed.

The women sit at meat, and the men attend; the women sleep when they please, and the men watch; so do they scold and fight, whilst the men are fain to bear off, with ears, head and shoulders.

Happy may they call that day wherein

wherein one *Mrs. Disquiet* or other doth not Lamb-baste them before night. I imagined my self amongst the *Turkish* slaves; but that these distinctions of Habits assured me this was a more abject kinde of Captivity.

Ah what a base sight was it to see a Distaff and a Spindle in a mans hand, and a Sword and a Buckler in a womans! Yet I concealed my dislike, as well as I could, desiring for to see without suffering.

If any woman use her Husband somewhat gentlier then ordinary, (as some of them were more tender hearted then others) she is presently informed against, and cited to appear before the Parliament of *Shrewesbourg*, and there indited of High-treason against the State. Her next Neighbours give evidence against her with such noise and fury, that it is strange to see how far they are overborn with impatience. If she

ſhe be convicted by the ſmalleſt evidence that is, ſhe is condemned to this puniſhment: She muſt firſt change attire with her Husband, and then ſhave off her Hair; and ſo being led through the Market-place, muſt ſtand for one whole day upon the Pillory, as an object unto all the fleering ſcoffers and beholders: nor ſhall the man eſcape ſcot-free, for being ſo audacious, as to take the favours offer'd by his Wife without a modeſt refuſal: but when that the woman comes home (ſhe ſhall be all covered with durt, grains, rotten eggs, *&c.*) ſhe muſt not put off her Veſture until ſhe bring a cudgel into the Court, all dyed with the freſh bloud of her Husbands broken-pate. He that out-liveth his Wife, muſt either marry his Maid, and be ſworn to her ſervice, as he was to his former Wives; or elſe he muſt become a ſlave to the next Neighbours Wife: For no man

may be the Ruler of his own House. In this Countrie, when the Wife goeth forth, either to Wars, Consultations, or for pleasure, she leaveth her Keyes, and therewithal her Government, unto her Maid, or her Daughter: either of which if the Husband once mutter against, his shoulders are sure to pay for it soundly at his Wives return, unless he can beg or buy the silence of the Deputie-Governess. They never lye with their Husbands, but when provinder pricks them: (for they hold that it would procure too much familiarity) notwithstanding, if the Husband arise not out of his Cabin in the entry, before the Wife be warm in her bed; and coming up stairs barefooted, do not knock thrice gently at her Chamber-door, and offer her his service with a soft low voice, he is sure to have a great deal of pains and labour bestowed on his ribs the next day.

The

The Women of this Country observe a fashion contrary to ours; for they clip their hair, and let their nails grow long: 'tis supposed that they do thus, that there may be less hold taken by the assailants, and more by themselves. There are also certain amongst them that *profess the Trade of the Noble Science*, and keep Free-Schools, wherein the rest are taught all the Wards of Offensive and Defensive, both of Heels, Nails and Teeth; as also the most exact and judicial method of clawing off the skin of mens Faces, putting out eyes, byting of arms, wringing of ears, and tearing of beards: these Lectures they are instructed in, both by precept and practice.

The men are all their drudges, to wash, wipe, scoure, and sweep: all that is to do in the House, is expected from them; yea, even to dress all the meat: so that I imagine it is but a mans esteem of the undecencie of

ſuch buſineſſes, (not any unableneſs of his to diſcharge them) that maketh him eſchue ſuch imployments. Believe me, there are no foul ſpots to be found in any place in the Houſes here, ſaving on the mens Clothes; but theſe are ſo filthy, that they are certain remarques how they neglect themſelves, as much as the Women neglect them; notwithſtanding, go but abroad into the Fields (which are the womens charge to ſee to) there you ſhall finde the hedges broken down all at ſix and ſevens, unlookt to, in a moſt careleſs, ruinous and deſtructive manner. The very Walls of their Cities are half down; and that which ſtandeth is ſo diſgracefully framed, that the very ſtones ſeem to beg to be at mans diſpoſure, and to abhor the ordering of womankinde.

Thus I travelled, as I have already given the Reader an account, through

through moſt parts of the *Shee-lands*; but perhaps he may not for all this reſt ſatisfied, till he ask me a queſtion, which I am confident will be, Why I paſſed not through that part of the *Modeſtianrans*, where the Women of *Black-ſwan-mark* had their Habitations? Truely, I hold my ſelf unfortunate in that one thing alone, that I could not be ſo happy as to deſcribe that State as well as the others, ſeeing that my minde preſageth unto me, that it excelleth all the reſt of the fore-named. For the preſent, I can ſay no more then thus: that there is ſuch a people, my Friend, I'll aſſure thee; but the Region wherein they inhabit I could never come to diſcover, only the name I brought from the ancient Chronicles of other States; and that, as I ſaid, ſhould be *Black ſwan-mark*, becauſe a chaſte and rare woman is, as *Juvenal* writes, *Rara avis in terris, nigroq; ſimilima*

lima cygno. Indeed there are some of them that live as Anchoresses, and Hermetesses, in the craggy Deserts, in some other parts of the *Shee-lands*; but these Inhabitants are generally unknown, and almost inaccessable: there, notwithstanding, are the Monasteries, whither (as it is reported) the fairest, chastest, and most zealous of the *Shee-landresses* do voluntarily retire themselves: he that will take the pains to search those vast Deserts, may questionless meet with some of those holy Votaresses: I did light in my solitary wandrings by chance of one or two of them, whose variety of Vertues, Beauties, Behaviours, have left me in an extasie to this very hour: but our young Travellers are too idle to venture upon so hardan inquest; that is the cause why they have no other colour to cover their slothfulness by, but by unjustly alledging the smalness of

the number of modeſt and honeſt women. Indeed, conſidering how dangerouſly rude thoſe places were that I paſſed, I know that my Reader cannot but admire and inquire how I got ſafely through them: Faith I'll tell thee truely how, mine age, my habit, and good advice, were my Patrons and Conductors in all this perilous adventure. My habit was manlike, and my face womanlike (for I had yet no beard:) and beſides, in ſome places I found ſome of my own Comerades undertakers in the ſame Voyage with me; and theſe, like true Friends at need, gave ſuch diſcreet directions, that (as *Æneas* did by *Sybilla*) I following their advices, got me at length, as I have informed you, through the *She-lands*; firſt paſſing through all the dirty Fens of *Blubberick*, where the women will fall a weeping upon any wager when they liſt; & ſo through the *Muſhrumpalian* Mountains, till finally I came into

the confines of *Prince de l' Amour*. In this following relation I shall pursue the same course as I have all this while done, onely to take notice of the most remarkable passages and places. In the Eastern parts of these Dominions are two famous Castles of great importance, *Idleness, the School of Prince de l' Amour; or Libertinism, or Licentiousness, the Paradise of Venus*, where the men are ordinarily oblig'd to take the Governours to task, to gain free and favourable access to the Court; and towards the West parts there are two houses, called *Beggars-bush, and the Lovers-folly*, like our *Bedlam* and *Bridewel*; to the which, most that follow this Court are forced to go seek for attestation of their life and manners.

Prince de l' Amour, who Reigns over all the people of this Country, is a young Prince that never grows old, nor does he easily admit of any ancient

ancient people to dwell in his Land, except it be to ſerve for Buffoons in the Play: all his deſigns are taken at random; for he never conſults or takes counſel in any thing: 'Tis thought he is *Loves Brother*, the Soveraign of all Monarchs; but he muſt then be his baſtard-Brother, the Childe of Nature and of diſorder, who hath unluckily uſurped his Name and Arms; and 'tis certain, that his affairs are mingled more with intereſt then affection, and the irregularities of debauchments are ever more there, then the right rule and conduct of Reaſon.

At the entrance of this Court there is a place called *Cajolery*, open on all ſides, which hath been made very ſpacious by the ruine of another ancient Temple of *Modeſty*, which alſo otherwhile ſtood in that place; which when I was acquainted with, I ſadly relented, as plainly perceiving that I ſhould never approach

proach *Modeſtiana*, or the Iſland of *Shame-ſtead*, till I returned into my native Country of *England*. To this place of *Cajolery*, every day all the hired whiſperers, the greateſt admirers of little-nothings, and many animated Idols, which muſt be worſhip'd right or wrong, do conſtantly repair: whatſoever ſtrangers arrive amongſt them, they preſently entertain them with all the pleaſures that their Houſes and Tables can afford: come to any of them with a duſt-licking-*Congee*, and ſome three or four *Voſtra Signiora's*, *Spaniard*-like, and either commend his good Face, his Perriwig, his new Clothes, his fair Hand, his fine Houſe, or ſeaſon but his affection with an admiring applauſe; and this your obſequiouſneſs ſhall purchaſe you an Hoſte, whoſe curteſie will imagine nothing too dear for you: good words and fair promiſes are the monies that theſe people uſe. This

place

place may be called *Clawback*, or *Soothing-court*, it being peopled with the ſtrangeſt Monſters that ever man beheld: they bear every one two Faces, and ſpeak with two Tongues, as they know how to ſooth and backbite: they carry the ſhapes of Apes upon their foremoſt parts, and all behind of Dogs; ſo that they ſeem to be a confuſed compoſition of Man, Ape and Dog. That there are ſuch Monſters, let reverend *Munſter* in his *Coſmography* ſerve for a teſtimony, who deſcribeth certain *Indian* people that are partly thus formed.

They make themſelves as voluntary ſlaves to the *Magnificoes*, as if they were born to ſervitude. And albeit they are ſo ſottiſh, that of their own heads they can enterpriſe nothing praiſe-worthy; yet can they imitate and counterfeit any action that they ſee done before them; the World hath not the like for forging ſuch exact reſemblances. They

They never wear attire, never ſpeak word, never do deed, but they ſee and hear the like. Whilſt I was there, they halted all upon one leg, and went ſpitting and ſpawling all the day long, becauſe that *Signior Tickle-ear*, their Governour, of late had hurt his foot, and withal was troubled with an old pockie Catarrhe. They are moſt of them Barbers, Taylors, Panders and Procurers, Paraſites and Lick-ſpittles: There are alſo by report ſome gallant Courtiers amongſt them. But however, your *Spaniſh* Mimick is a meer Ninni-hammer to theſe *Claw-back-Courtiers*; ſpeak but, or look but upon one of them, and ye ſhall preſently have him kiſs his hand, cringe in his ham, ſtroke with his foot two yards of duſt; and with a laborious *Congee*, like an Eccho, bandy the laſt word you ſpake all the Room about; and with an applauding fleere, return upon you with

with all the gracious terms that his invention can possibly vent; together with a whole *Heralds*-office of titles, and top-beauty *Excellentiaes*; and then putting his Lips together with another *Baſcio delli mani*, ſtand hovering at your next ſpeech, to hear how his laſt ſtood to your liking. Then do but you approve him, and talk on, and whatſoever you ſay (be it ſcarcely ſence) ſhall into his Table-book, as an Oracle, for a more then humane conceit. Then will he ſtand with his eyes fixt on the Skies, and adore you (as a Drunkard doth *Bacchus*) on all four.

Such Fellows acknowledge no God, but the man that they make choice of to ſerve; and him they obſerve with more prayers, ſacrifices and adoration then any Idol could exact. Now all this they do with one of their Mouths onely: marry there is not a word comes out

of

of this mouth, but the other (their Dogs mouth) doth forthwith secretly retract, and disclaim; for if they say to your face, *God save you*; when you turn about, they mumble to themselves a backside-complement, that is, either *The round pox take you*, (which is twenty poxes beaten into one) or else The *Devil take you*, which with them is twice farewel.

In this place one may also behold walking Shops well enough furnished, but that the Wares are heap'd together in confusion, and great disorder; the Merchants also sell Praises and Incomiums, on all manner of Subjects, for nothing; onely with this condition, not to examine the goodness of the Commodities; as the truth of their protestations of friendship, the sincerity of their oaths of fidelity, and the reality of their idle wishes to interested persons. They have also their com-

plaints

plaints for non-acknowledgements, their seeming despairs, and a multitude of fine words that these *Court-Parrots* are ever furnished with, and carry about them; sweet expressions they have indeed, and affected regrets at your departure, together with a thousand dainty complements for a four hours tedious absence. They are permitted to deal in Masks of what kinde soever, and are to be found at *Jealousies Quarters*, where they commonly make use of them to deceive Rivals, and spoil sports.

This City of *Prince de l' Amours* is the *Venus*, the Eye and Lustre of all Cities Terrestial, (for the beautiful women that inhabit there) it being by some called *Civitas Angelorum*. There are in the whole circumferencce of the Walls just sixteen Gates: The Geometrical form thereof is neither Circular nor Oval, but of a mean proportion between

a Cylinder, and a reverſed Pyramid, juſt like unto the pourtraiture of a mans body: your underſtandings cannot be unacquainted with ſuch a general draught as this, except you are onely *Sciocoes*, and never ſaw *Belgia* in the form of a Lyon; *Italy*, of a Leg; *Morea*, of a plain Leaf; *Spain*, of an Ox Hide; the *Weſt-Indies*, of a Fiſhes Lungs; all *Europe* in the ſhape of an Empreſs. He that hath but ſeen theſe, and ſhall but view this Town, muſt needs avow directly, that he beholds the lineament either of ſome *Coloſſus*, laid all along; or elſe of *Prometheus*, as he lyeth bound upon the Mount *Alazar*. In this City is a place called, *the Palace of good Fortunes*, where *Prince de l' Amour* receives his Courtiers moſt ſecret homage. *This Palace of good Fortune*, is a houſe of pleaſure, whoſe Foundations were laid by Nature; upon which Art hath ſince raiſed very hand-

handsome Edifices and Decorations. The Gates are all made of false pleasures, and the rooms furnished with lost shame; and the most secret passages may all be called a *Scandalous Mystery*. Silence commands there sometimes, but for the most part Indiscretion, and sometimes Distaste doth let in false reports, which are *Famies fore-runners*; upon whose least buz, she must needs sound an Alarm with her *Jews-trump*, and make a tatling with her hundred Tongues. This Palace stands in a Valley so closely barricadoed with Trees, Hedges and Banks, that it is neither facile to espie or approach it; those onely that are free can have the priviledge to enter at pleasure, though it be the utmost aims of all the *Amorosi's*; and so ambitious they are of honour, that many will often perswade people they have come from thence, when indeed they could never get in there.

They are all well acquainted both where it is, and know the ways which lead thither; but as there are many several Paths, and those very differing and distant one from another, each one takes that course which he findes most convenient, and best to agree with his own fancie and condition.

Some walk the plain way of delighting and pleasing; which is indeed the fairest, and the least perilous of all.

Others chuse the *Golden path*, which without doubt is the most certain, and in which one goes furthest in a short time: but all the World cannot go this way, it being onely reserved for rich men, (*the Golden Calves of this age*) and others of the like gang.

There are some that tread in the road of Opportunity, which is none of the worst ways; but they must be careful to look often on their Watches

Watches, lest they loose their Tyde and Market-hour; for *Take a Lady in her humour, &c.* Others there are that rely upon the Path of Obligation; but this is the farthest way about, most troublesome, and more uncertain then all the rest.

Last of all, there are some that make their passage through the Fort of Enterprises; which is the shortest cut of all indeed, but it is dangerous; and because of Countermines, it being so inaccessible a place, oftimes the Traveller is constrained to return back the same way that he came.

Not far from this *Palace of good fortune*, on the top of a Mountain there standeth a Castle of all Christall, not wrought by any Art of humane power, say the Inhabitants, but by the Goddess *Fortune* (*Fortune favet fortibus*, is a saying not so old as true) she being (upon some distaste of the gods) banished from

view

Heaven, *her blind Ladyship* set up her rest here, and built this her second Terrestrial Heaven. And from hence she spreads her goodness through the World: here she sits giving all abundance, that the most credulous servant she hath can possibly expect: nay, be his expectation constant, 'tis believed he cannot chuse but obtain it: Hither do men and women flock, but especially from *Foppiania* and *Coxcombia*; there is not one (almost) high or low, in those parts of the World, but have seen this Mount (and others upon a further discovery will ascend it.) Men talk of *Saint James of Compostella, our Lady of Walsingam-Hall and Sichem*, &c. they are, or will be, desert and desolate places in respect of this: Here the Pilgrim lyes prostrate in the Valley, in devout expectation of the Goddesses call; here the people are as thick as ever Hail-stones lye in the high-

way

way after a frosty storm: yet may not any person living approach the ascent of the Hill, until such time as the Priests of the Castle do hang out the White Banner, and that is a sign that the Goddess is pleased that they shall ascend: and then they all cry with one voice, making the Skies rebound again, *Madona scoperta* (the *Italians* cry so, unveiling the Picture of the Lady of *Loretto*) and then, run that run may, one over another; every one crying out of the straitness of the passage up: Nor will the worst man there give place unto the best; so that sometimes you shall have them scold one with another, like so many disagreeing Neighbours in an Alley; and sometimes to it by the ears with dry blows; every one in the company thrusting on him that was before him, and flouting them that are behind. Here did I see certain of them that durst not venture on the

crowd, grown even hoary with expectation, and yet had not means to get up the Hill. But what do they that get up? Faith, desire to have themselves called together; nevertheless each one begged that it would be the Goddess pleasure to grant him his desires first.

You shall have one praying for the attainment of his way-ward Love; another, onely that it should please *Fortune* to send him a Wife that was no shrew; a third, for Honour; a fourth for Riches; every man as he lik'd and had occasion: and there you should have twenty beseeching for such a wealthy mans death; and as many for the burial of so many Church-men, that they might pass from reversions to the possession of this or that fat Benefice: there sate a crew of ill-faced-Wenches, and their suit was for beauty: there was an old Wife also, with as many Oak Trees in her Mouth as Teeth, and

 she

she expected to be restored to her youth again: and as many more suitors (you must think more then I can now well remember.) Now the sign of admission being given (as I said) up I fell go all that may go do not on their feet (for that were as it is esteemed there too much presumption) but upon hands and knees: and with great reverence I warrant you: being gotten on the midway, one of the Priests entertains them courteously, and inquires every particular mans name and Country; which when that he heareth, he proclaimeth with a loud voice as ever had *Stentor*, a fellow that in *Homer* had a voice as loud as five voices, who was appointed partly to give notice to his fellows, and (as some think) to the Goddess her self, what guests were arrived; and partly by this means inquiring the piety of them, to know ere that they came any neerer, whether they

addreſs with the faith and purity that is required: for if they approach thither guilty of any crime, ſhe hangs out her Red Banner, as a ſign that they muſt be removed into the Cloiſters, where they muſt be kept till they are able to ſalute her with a purer ſoul, and paſs the reſidue of their journey with a lighter purſe. But if the Goddeſs likes them at the firſt, the Prieſt without any Ticket admits them, and ſo lets them paſs, with theſe words, *Believe, expect* and *Hope*; and ſo God b'w'ye. On go they as cheerful as Pies, until they come to an Iron-threſhold, a little below the ſteps that aſcend to the Caſtle-gate: Upon which Iron this Diſtick is written.

Fortunam ſi avide vorare pergas,
Illam ut male conſoquas neceſſe eſt.

Who ſwalloweth Fortune, ere he chew it,
Through ill digeſtion needs muſt rue it.

The

The Caſtle-gates are kept by a rigorous Porter; yet Money will make him to do any thing: the entrie is ſo narrow, that it ſeems to be rather a hole then a gate; but after you are crept once in, then ſhall you ſee a houſe more like a heavenly then an earthly; all Pearl and Gold, whoſe luſtre dazles the eye to look upon it, and whoſe external view promiſes no leſs then the height of happineſs. I omit to ſpeak of the form of the Temple, the Prieſts Habits, Orders and Offices; theſe, for brevities ſake, I wittingly over-paſs. At length, when you have viewed all (for you muſt needs beſtow a little time to gaze upon this Pile of admiration) comes another of the *Flamines* to you; and taking you by the hand (having firſt blindfolded you with a Linnen-cloth) he leads you through a hundred turnings, indeed whither he liſts; but as fond men believe, unto the Temple of

this

this good Goddess, whom mortal eyes must not behold; and therefore you are muffled: now you must couch, and kiss the sacred pavement; and lye so without once moving, until that the Goddess call you by your name; and then ask boldly what you please: do but effect what she commands without delay or distrust, and were your request (say they) never so hard, it shall be fulfilled. Well, but (you will ask) what is the end of all this ceremonious observation? By my troth a ridiculous one, able to move the gentlest spleen alive; they are all singularly and ingeniously Coney-catcht, men and women, rarely fetcht over, and with Arts quintessence: and yet for all that, this Art is so secret, that though no man pass this trial, that is not made an Ass; yet every one had rather blame his own slothfulness and incredulity, or else believe that he had committed some

mistake

mistake, rather then so much as once to glance at any imperfection in the power of the Goddess. Well, having propounded your petition, (suppose it be Honour) the Goddess assents to it most graciously, commanding the suppliant first, after some hours, to take a potion, whereby his spirit may be the better adapted to the ensuing felicity; and then to lay him down again until she call him the second time: which if he do but rightly observe, he shall assuredly (as they say) be crowned with his full wishes, to continue enstalled in happiness for ever, and to have always the same cause to be grateful to the Goddess for her heavenly beneficence.

It passeth; the suppliant taketh the cup, and drinks it all off, praising in his own thoughts the drinks delicious taste; being utterly ignorant, that it is but onely a potion compounded of *Poppy, Opium, Lettuce,*

and other such procurers of sleep: but the effect is the trial; he falls a sleep, ye may turn the house out at the Window (if you can) and never awake him: and then is he haled up and down the room like a dead Carcass, by the Villains that officiate; and when they have laught at him till they are weary, they lay him in a rich Bed, in a Chamber like a Kings, cieled with Ivory, and arched with Golden Pillars, where all the Tables spread with rich coverings, the Arras of *Champania*, and the Tapestrie of *Alexandria*, are but Sack-cloath to them.

About the door stands a company of attendants all bare-headed, each in his Golden Chain at least, and all Courtier-like accoutred, expecting when this *Endymion junior* will awake: that Minion of the Moon is said to have slept fortie years together ere he wak'd (this Moon-calf sleeps commonly not above three daies

dates after he hath taken the potion) who then lifting up his head, beholds all the room with amazement (as well he may;) and seeing all this fair companie of shining attendants, is wholly transformed with wonder; whilst they in the meantime approach all in order with a ceremonious reverence to salute the awaked great person, to whom they with health and fortunate days: Mass thinks he (taking more then ordinary state on him) this is brave. They humbly approaching him, ask him what apparel his Highness will be pleased to wear to day: your suit of Gold-smiths work? your suit of Tissue, imbrodered with Rubies? your Cloath of Gold Doublet with the Carbuncle buttons, or your Pearl-powdred-Vest? Tissues, Rubies, Carbuncles, Vests? Heyda! (he could not remember that in all his life he was concerned with Taylors for any such Apparel) howsoever

ever he was so well pleased and vainly contented (as he imagined the Goddess *Fortune* had made him already such a Courtier) as that he resolved never to pay any Taylors bills; he is an *Endymion* indeed now, and will not change states with the Man in the Moon, for all his fulgid glittering Throne that he sits in. Well, rich Cloaths are brought him indeed; every man helps this mighty person on with them, as one says,

Dant digitis gemmas, dant lunge monilia colla.

His hands with sparkling gems they deck,
And hang rich Chains about his neck.

Set a Diadem upon his head adorned with Pearls of incredible greatness and lustre. All this goes well on still, thinks he; yet would dinner were ready, he wished; and whispered it privately to himself for (though he found his own High

Highness very hungry) he could not, if one had told him so, believe that he had eaten no meat for three days. He no sooner thought thus (for he imagined that it did not concern his greatness to speak to his attendants of so ordinary an affair which would follow in course:) as I said before, he no sooner thought it, but immediately dinner was prepared and served up all in state; such ratitie of services, such brave attendants, such ravishing Musick, such Mirth! Pho, nineteen Muses cannot give a man words to describe it. And thus the whole day was spent, as time ye know will pass: his fine Holiness thought all his own still. Well, night comes up with supper, and up supper comes, with as rich, nay, richer purveyance and attendance then waited on the Dinner: and for a conclusion to the feast, his imagined Highness hath the tother draught

given

given him of the same holy potion, which presently lockt up his sences, in a sleep as profound as the former: and then his poor twelve hours greatness, being, as *Virgil* says,

Jam simul expletus, dapibus, vinoq; sepultus,

Gorg'd with good cheer, and wrapt in sleepy wine.

Is carryed out at a Postern, stript out of his Tissues, his Rubies, and all his Gold-smiths work, and re-invested in his old cloaths, (which with his being dragged about, were made somewhat dirtier then they were before) and so laid out in the High-way for passengers to gaze upon; where when he awakes, he falls into as great amazement as before; and remembring how glorrious a bliss he was enthroned in but yesterday; and finding himself now utterly deprived of all, he falls a lamenting with a *hen quo decidimus*, miserably

miserably deploring, and bitterly cursing either his own sloath, or deafness, that he did not give ear (as the Goddess had charged him) to the second call? Oh, how he cursed himself for his gross ingratitude, who being placed in so high a felicity, that he should neglect to pay the Goddess her high tribute of thankfulness! So away he goes weeping and wayling, with this word continually in his mouth, *Fuimus Troes*; I was whilom a brave fellow! exhorting all persons to take example by him (as they use to say at the Gallows) he desired them never to be negligent, never thankless, but to proceed though confidently, yet withal warily, to obey what the Goddess enjoyned; and then they could not fail of felicitie. Such had I once (said he) been, but now by mine onely folly, I have lost it all, everie part and parcel of my former greatness. Now everie

one that heareth him, thinks this I hope to take better heed then so and they hoodwinck themselves ere ever they come there. 'Tis strange that the people of these parts having two such strings to their bow, should so many of them neither get preferment at the Court or Palace, nor at the Castle of the *Goddess Fortune*, being served at both in the same manner; so that many of them precipitate themselves into the Abyss of *Despair*, which is some distance of place, both from the Palace and Castle of the Goddess *Fortune*: but the wiser sort of them take sanctuarie in a place called *Turn-again Chappel*: this Chappel is built on firm ground, separate from the other places by an Isthmus very difficult to pass over; 'tis under the Tuition and Government of Captain *Repentance*, who alone hath the power to give a free passage; he is a melancholy, but very

wise person, pious and charitable to those which address themselves to him. He doth not use to give ear to the first complaints of such as onely sigh for their misfortunes, or curse the disorder of their lives; but he penetrates and pierces the bottom of the heart, and will examine the sincerities of it; and never assists any but those which fix upon a constant and firm resolution to quit their impertinent, covetous and ambitious fancies; and then he conducts them safely into that *miraculous Chappel*, where as soon as they are arrived, their eyes are unsealed and opened, so that they clearly and evidently perceive how blind they were, and discover that all what before they had beheld in their fancies, was but imposture; that all the sweetnesses of changeable *Fortune*, are but sugared poisons; that the false pleasures of this life do ever produce real pains; that

the happiest of them are continually on the rack; that these outward injoyments are onely vails cast over the troubles and sorrows which await them inevitably; and that there is no place more unhappy and bad then that which is called the Palace of *Good Fortune*; that in truth it is the Trap for wanton and impudent youth. Thus taking better resolutions and desires, some walking a quite contrary Path to that which before they had strayed in, they injoy a true and happie peace and satisfaction, which before, in the greedie prosecution of their *Fortunes*, they had in vain sought after; and so by this means are restored to their perfect mindes.

'Tis true, that behind the Palace of *Good Fortunes*, there is a Garden of a fair extent, which is called the *Court of Recompence or Reward*. At this word there are few but will imagine and fancie that here is a

Ter-

Terrestrial Paradise: but though Art doth every day strive to embellish it, yet it seems to be a place where Nature brings forth nothing but troubles and miseries: the hedges are Thornie and Bryerie; there are no Flowers but blasted Pansys, weeping Daffadills, and worm-eaten fool-coats; and no plants but Rue, Worm-wood, and Floreamour; nor any Fruits but choak-Pears: the Fountains indeed flow on both sides, but the waters are for the most part bitter; but let them be bitter or sweet, I am resolved no longer to tyre out my Reader with this tedious preachment, but to go on jovially with my following description.

In this Court of *Prisons de l'Amour*, are persons of all degrees, conditions, qualities and sizes.

Not that the Subjects of this State are considered under their divers titles; for they are distinguisht by other qualities far more illustrious.

Some are the fighters, ever cloathed with anxietie, and cure of a deep sad thought-colour.

Then the wantons are always roabed with Gew-gaws, Nets, Gins, Weather-cocks, and such pretty Traps and Devices.

The Adventurers are in Habits of changeable Taffatie; these run in all roads, and yet never stray far from the Castle of *Enterprise*.

The glittering Gallants fair without and foul within, are considered but onely for their gay Trappings: these spend very much to little purpose, they are the onely make *Flyalls* under the Moon; Dogs, Dice, Hawks, or Kites for a need, &c. are their Objects; they do nothing in the world (next to their hatred of learning) but invent how to spend: thus they flye out their Patrimonies (their Fathers were born before them) and when all is gone, but their Clothes, then farewel to them

them also. These are those that call one another *Dick*, *Tom*, *Jack*, and whither dost thou go to day? to a Play-house? to an Ordinary? to a Wench, &c. Alas poor Gentlemen! what's a man but his pleasure?

When these new Inhabitants have cast all their whole Estate overboard, then they do either retire to other men's Tables, or else are maintained at the publick charge in that same place, where stands that ancient model of *Cole-harbour*, bearing the name of the *Prodigals Promontory*, which is appointed as a Sanctuary to Banckrupt Debtors; thither flee all those for refuge that are cast at law, or feel themselves unsufficient to satisfie their doubled Creditors; any of whom, if they pursue their Debtors hither, and force them from their protection whether they will or no, they are immediately accused as guilties of

sneriledge; and so are thrown heads long down from the highest Tower in all the Territorie.

Those of this Countrie that have any Sons, assign them their full Patrimonie ere Nature allow them any Beard: and in case they dye before this time (if you can believe it) they leave all their Estates unto their Wives to dispose as they list afterwards, without any respect of progenie: But if they have the fortune to burie their Wives, then do they lavish out more upon their Funerals, then would serve for Dowrie to the ill-favouredst of their Daughters.

Every man here avouches himself to be at least a Gentleman born: and pretend most of them to shew a Pedegree of ten thousand years before the world was created (which is somewhat beyond the descent of the Shentlemen of *Wales*:) you shall have them shew you Galleries all drawn with their Lineal and Colla-

 teral

ral descents; and yet when all comes to all, their Neighbours (without going to any Heralds-Office) are able to prove, that they had Cobblers, Carters, Botchers, and Costermongers to their Grandfathers. Nor is there any of their more select Gentility, but hath his Countrie Farms, three or four leased out to his *Villiacues*, his retainers, and those are commonly *Clawback-Courtiers*; otherwise, as their Progenitors did before them, they might have whistled for their Estates.

The Rabble are of all hairs, conditions & understandings; Buffoons, Upstarts, Braggadochioes, Powdered Heads, and Pickled Tails; which, some say, of Millers are become Gentlemen; others affirm, that of Gentlemen they are turned Millers: I know not whether is the truest; since they wear the Millers Livorie on the Head, and the Gentlemans Badge on the Heel.

They

There are some others that in respect of any valiant use they make of it, might be armed with Iron onely. These bile themselves stout men, and strong wits; whereas, indeed, at the first encounter with any man of Mettle (though the Ladies have wept that *Achilles* was too hard for *Hector*) they are pierced to the quick without making any resistance. Let them swear all manner of oaths, no wise man will ever believe them to be valiant. As to their wits, they never speak but onely to shew themselves Criticks, and are onely much esteemed by themselves, though they are as much scorned by others; conceiving that they know all things (whereas, any thing but vice is above their capacities) omitting to learn that which is fittest for them, they would erect themselves (what should I call them otherwise?) as much as in them lies (if they could do more then what

was

was done before) general deformers of *Prince de l'Amour's* Court.

These fellows, when they have strutted to their utterniost extent, the Ladies do but hate them. They do so much want ordering of themselves, though they would pretend to regulate others, that they are the most impertinent, and will be ever held (but to little purpose) the most importunate presumers that attend that Court. They are so valiant (as I told you before) that none of them stir abroad unarmed: the Cutlers trust them for Swords; and therefore (as they intend never to pay for them) they give them as freely away to their fellow-Cowards, whom one may disarm (though they swore, and stood upon terms) with one single well managed Tobacco-pipe? For though they have their Ammunition hung about them, they are but onely hired, as so many Porters by *Mars*, who hath no other

abor occasion for them: Yet one of these Braggadochioes will be always so accoutred, let him go but to my Neighbour *Jobs*, he will have his moveable about him. If he meet any man that will not give him the Wall, *Catza del Diablo*, tu presently have draw, or else prepare thy self to kiss my pump, for the refarciation of my honour. They never make any journies forth, but they alway bring blows home; but very seldom it is that they leave any behind them; for they run on fore-right, and dare not so much as look backwards. If any one of them chance to kill his enemie, (*'tis so rare an accident for him to have such a stomack*) that you need not to question, but that he turns Cannibal, and feeds presently on him. They have no Laws, but all goes (when they are valiant) by might and main. He that is so couragious, if he be wronged, must be his own revenger.

revenger, or else he may go home like a Fool as he came; for his *Saracen*-faced, Swash-buckler-companions, out of a pale almost dead fear, leave him to shift for himself; they'll be sure to run without a scar or wound safe to the next Tavern, where they fortifie themselves, and build a sconce of a victorious never payment: and these are the height of their Atchievements.

The fairest place of all the Citie is the Market, called *Royal*, both for its *excellencie*, and for that the *Prince* is lodged in the middle of it, that so he may at one view behold the *Rendezvouz* of his *Courtiers*; so as at least to keep those (if it were possible) that are most enormous in awe.

This Citie is invironed with an infinite number of retiring places, where the chiefest appointed Assemblies and Meetings are kept, which are so many magnificent Temples con-

consecrated to the new Deities of the Country; in the midst of a great lofty Portals, Stair-cases, Cells, Galleries, and Closets richly flourished and set forth, there is always one place respected like a Sanctuary, wherein there is an Altar made after the fashion of those heretofore dedicated to the Pagan Gods, whereon for the most part, lyes a Lady exposed to the publick view; handsome, and richly adorned; noble, but accounted vain; sometimes wise, but still sufficient: and thither at her feet does the most illustrious of the Court resort to burn their Incense, offer their Prayers, and solicite her favour to *Prince del' Amour*, that they may obtain entrance into the Palace of *Good Fortune*.

The people of this Country have no true setled Religion; they have many Temples indeed, but they do not go there to pray, but onely to see

see and to be seen, to scoff and jest, smile, wink, cavil, make matches, take assignations for debauches; and so they make the Cloak of Piety a cover of their Drollery.

In this City there also is a great *Obelisk of black Marble*, on which all the Fundamental Laws of this State are written in *Letters of Gold*, of which these few following are the least considerable.

1. *That* Modesty, Discretion, *and* Reservedness, *shall have no admittance into this State, unless they may be useful to such as are obliged to play under-board.*

2. *He that hath not wherewith to bestow, must provide himself of some rich Gull to defray all his charges.*

3. *After a long stay at the Park, or elsewhere, a good Husband shall make at home for his wife, may drink one glass of Wine to drive away Me-*

and T

lancholy

lancholy, but is absolutely debarred from cutting off one bit to stay his appetite, till his Lady brings home her Gallants with her to supper.

4. *Whoever makes profession of* Fidelity, *shall be bound to justifie, that he is of the Race of* Amadis, *or of the descent of* Celadon; *and in case that he cannot, he shall pass for an* Idiot.

5. *That the Husbands shall be obliged to keep those Children which themselves have not gotten, without troubling of their brains to know what the right father gives underhand towards their maintenance.*

And though *Prince de l' Amour* receives no homage, nor grants any considerable priviledges, but onely to the Natives; yet nevertheless, for the benefit and advancement of Trade, and inriching of his subjects, he suffers these four sorts of strangers to abide there.

1. The

1. The *Beguiled ones*, which are a people so cunningly flattered and soothed up by their Wives, that they cannot believe any other participates with them in their delights.

2. The *Cravens*, which are in doubt, but dare not complain for fear of correction.

3. The *Hard to be shod*, thus named, because like Mad-colts they kick and fling, and play the Devils, to shun those knocks, which nevertheless they are sure to feel; but the difference is this: the one is shod with the half-Moon on the Head, and the other at the Heel.

4. The fourth and last are the *Jobelins*, who know they are dubb'd, but had rather quietly conceal their Ho[illegible] their Pockets, then have them [illegible] the view of all the world; besides the fear of the loss of their worshipful office, if they should un-

derſtand, or the ſad ſhip-wrack of thoſe profits and incomes maintained by their Wives induſtry, and the favourites benevolence.

They marry Wives, and love them peſtilently well for a while, keeping themſelves truely loyal to their eſpouſals, until they take ſome occaſion of diſlike with their old bed-fellowe, or chance to behold another fairer then ſhe: and then farewell Wife, and farewel with all my heart Husband (ſaith ſhe) there is no love loſt; for the Wife is commonly as willing for to make an exchange, as the man is: aſſure your ſelves that ſhe is as ready to take a diſlike, if her Husband be any way declining: juſt as our Citizens uſe a man; as long as he hath caſh, you have him brow and boſome; but that failing, my Maſter is not wi[illegible] Sir,

The current coyn of this [illegible]ry is ſtaimpt with a City-hen on the one ſide, and a Cuckoo on the other reverſe.

They

There are here some that are mighty courteous, many of them will use a stranger the first day, as if he were their own brother (though they never saw him before:) Marry the next they will pass him by, and forget that ever they saw him. They seldom or never proffer any thing which they do not call back at the next breath (you must take them at the first rebound:) Nor do they ever promise, but they afterwards forswear it; you are never sure till it be performed: nor do they for the most part perform any thing which they do not afterwards (though too late) recant and be very sorrowful for. They will not sell you any commoditie to day, but that they think they might have sold it dearer to morrow. They are as inconstant in the management of their Edicts, as the *she-lawders*, for some Laws they alter everie year: for it is not fit (thus they defend it)

seeing all mans life is mutable, that the rules of life should not be mutable also, as well as the effects: besides, mans second cogitations being generally more perfect, it were a strange slaverie to be tyed to a first Decree, that althongh the after-wit be disliked never so much, it must not be altered.

But that which ought to gain *Prince del' Amour* a greater renown, is, that having given Tax-gatherers libertie to negotiate in his Dominions, yet he never suffereth them to propound any new impositions to his Council, being still contented with the ancient duties; for in this Citie, he exacts nothing but frequent visits, deeps sighs, and fond (but well dissembled) desires, which are esteemed common duties, and a general homage to all commers; and in these things wherein his vassals are the oftest pressed, they expose or tender onely the lips or the hands

except

except in some particular places where they add the breast: but in this Palace of *Good Fortunes*, tribute is taken of all, both of Nature and of Art; of all kindes, handsome and homely; and of all sorts of *Animals* young or old; of all Offices and Imployments, both in Citie and Countrie; keeping the Courts always open to receive their payments both night and day.

The most eminent and most in[illegible]ble place, is the grand Mag[illegible] fraught and filled with all [illegible] Curling-Irons; Boxes with [illegible] patches, Sweet-powders, Looking-glasses, Masks, Ribbans, Hair-Bracelets, Pocket-Tortoise-Combs, Beard-irons, Essences, Cordials, Gums, Pomatums, and other like necessary Utensils: and round about this Magazin are the workmen, some of which are imployed to cut Patches, and lay platforms how these Murderers must be planted for

the best advantages, and to do the greatest execution; which onely the Master-workmen dare undertake, to compose artificial Beauties, to flabber over the Nose, and blanch the hands; to make all kinds of new-fashioned Trimmings, colored Plumes, and sweet Nose-gayes of all sorts of Flowers, and those in all seasons of the year, &c.

Some make profession of a new art of moulding and fashioning of Ladies breasts, undertaking to conceal those which are over-big, and add a just proportion to those that are less perceptible. But their best workmen are the new-fashion mongers, Screen-fan-makers, expeditioners of Sweet-meats, and Collations, Introducers to Plays, and Plotters for private Walks; and nothing is more dearly bought, or further fetched then a craftie cloak to hide a wanton visit, or a quaint excuse to lye alone one night, when to be sure some

stinging Flea creeps in, and if discovered, then handsomely to pretend some rash mistake, or some other suchlike petticoat-slight, as the wit of a Chamber-maid is always furnish with al.

A little without the Citie there are *Publick Schools* for the industrie of the young Fry, where of the seven liberal Sciences they observe two onely; to *Say well*, and to *Dazle*. Here you may go whistle and save your labour, as well as to come to meet with the shadow of a Philosopher, or to hear any Lectures read. And for the Laws of Nations, they make use onely of the rights of Nature, and common customs. Nor do they much care to be great Doctors: every peculiar man here, is both his own Teacher, and his own Auditor. There are some few *Gewgaw-sters*, who give themselves wholly to the invention of Novelties, in Games, Buildings, or *A la-mode* Fa-

shions: he whose device is the most exquisite amongst them, according to his invention hath a place assigned him. He that first devised to blow out bubbles of Sope and Spittle forth of a Wall-nut-shell, is of as great renown amongst them, as ever was the first Printer or Gun-founder amongst us of *Europe*. These *Gew-gawsters* are in great esteem there, yea and amongst the meaner sort also; insomuch, that many of them will not put out some new *A-la-mode* whimsical devises without their directions; yet these are counted Scholars indeed, for the wisest of them spend all their time in great licentiousness: but that which is most honourable amongst them, is, that they have given the Authority of Regencie to persons of Quality, who (how ignorant soever they are) sit in the Chair. The Women also keep the *Academies*, where all run a Tilt, and are very skilful to run at

at the Heart; they finde the Rings, and the men the Launces, and all other the like expences.

There are certain hangers on, who would fain get some allowance out of these *publick Schools*: These Fellows are like your *Italian Mountebanks*, who draw the people together to see the effects of some rare *Unguento*, distilled water, or some other strange Engines: these cheats and impostures would make these *Academians* understand (which as fond as they are) they are resolved (that as they cannot, so they will not) that out of the baseſt Metals, by a secret Art (and that by St. *Patrick* a gainful one too) can draw the pureſt Gold. But in faith they did but laugh at them, and let wiſer men but see and consider the toyſome folly of these extractors: they are gull'd, and gull'd, and terribly gull'd themselves; yet can they not finde in their hearts to give over. A

sort

sort of them of late (as I was there informed) would needs go to the Oracle of the Castle of the *Goddess Fortune*, to know the event of that weighty business they had in hand. The Oracle presently gave them this answer, *Travailez*; that is, *Take pains*. Pho, home they come, as if they had gotten their God *Mammon* in a Box: and forward they went with their Circulations, their Sublimations, their Conjunctions, their Fermentations, (their hard words) till all this headless action ended in putrefaction, until Reputation and Revenues were both dead and rotten; whereas *Libanius*, one of their Authors, if these Fellows were in their right wits, hath set them down the true definition of Alchimy: *Alchimia est ars sine arte, cujus scire est pars cum parte, medium est strenue mentiri, finis, mendicatum ire.* And *Acrosto*, that excellent *Italian* Poet deals as plainly with them in his *Orlando Furioso*: *Thus*

Thus each man seeks to be an Alchymist,
Till all be gone, and he his number mist.

Whereas indeed, the Oracle gave them better counsel then they could comprehend, *Travailez*, *Take paine*, that is,

A Mattock, and a Spade will get you gold
Sooner then Chimistry a thousand-fold.

These *Accademiani* are so unfortunate to have some amongst them also which are called Poets, who are never here likely to be crowned with Lawrel, (because that Tree is an enemy to the Vine:) nor yet with Ivie, for they are none of *Minervaes* Birds. These drunken Rimers here with their Trade, are not able to purchase Ale, much less Sack. They are the very off-scum of the basest rabble on the surface of the Earth; I was grieved to the very heart, to hear that any should give them that sacred

sacred name of Poet, as *Antigenides* in his *Apuleius* was, that Horn-winders should be called *Corneteirs*. They are the veryest *Lack-latines*, and the most unalphabetical Rake-shames that ever bred Louse: they cannot make two doughty rythmes in their Mother-tongue in two hours; and yet these cocking, narrow-brim'd, tinder-cloakt-shagrags, confederates with Tale-tellers, Jest-breakers, made a shift to live by other mens Trenchers; these Flyes are drunk in every mans Glass; every Country is thwackt with them, as an Orange is stuck close with Cloves; they fill all Ordinaries, Ale-houses, Coffee-houses, and intrude into Taverns with their *Epistles*, *Encomiums*, *Stanzaes*, *Anagrams*, *Acrosticks*, *Epigrams*, *Epithalamiums*, *Madrigals*, *Elegies*, *Epitaphs*, (the Devil in Buckrom knows what) all the *Pedlary* ware of *Parnassus*, such as would make you blind; if you

you were to see them, and would blister your ears, and make you deaf to hear them read: these are those that have the managing of Masques at boarding and petty Schools, and dispose of the Pageants at the Lord Mayors Shews, and do also bear the sway, and usurp over the new *Ballad-singers*.

Having thus given you an account of their *publick Schools*, I shall now acquaint you with another place, frequented with the bravest Wits amongst them: it is a noble Edifice which serves for a publick Library for the *Amoroso*'s and *Amoretta*'s; it is built of ridiculous imaginations, seldom accomplished wishes, and furnished with several Manuscripts, hitherto unknown in our vulgar language, as Canting, whereof these are the chief and the most studied.

The *Mystery of Folly* in three Volumes; the first is the *Simpletons* address; the second is the Introduc-

on

on to the Bedside; and the last is the *Idiots* behaviour there.

The *Observations* of the *Heavens*, to know the just time and tyde of *Opportunity*.

The trick to frizzle and curle the hair according to the features of the face.

An Epitome of such *Amoretta's* as repented before the latter Season, with a recital of their disgraces who have been constrained to do so to their great regret.

The invention how with a little cost to gain much honour.

A Receipt-book to cure long and troublesome *Tumours* and swellings.

The *Misfortunes* of an admirable Lady whom none ever courted without a Jeer.

The *Contrasto* of a pair of *Amoretta's* upon the question, whether it were better to have a discreet or an adventurous lover, resolved in favour of the last.

The

The Master-peece or Formulary of familiar Declarations to be made in secret, and the different tones of the voices to be used, with an exact observation of the when and where most convenient for the important Mystery.

The *troubles* of a *perplexed Virgin*, who having her choice of two *Amo-rosoes*, fainted at the difficulty of the Election, and after resolved to make use of both, that she might no more endanger life.

The *disguised Bawd*, wherein is discovered the Mystery of negotiating without being suspected, either by old Mothers or young Husbands.

The *Mediation* of the *Waiting-Maids*, with *instructions* how to cajole them handsomely, and gain any servants good will and assistance.

The *Art* of *Cheating* on both sides, first to pick the pocket, and then deny the pleasure. These

These Manuscripts and Books were written by several Authors; they are to be seen and perused in no other place but in this Library, where they are all of them chained, and not to be removed from thence: he that travels thither, and comes off generously with the Bibliothecary, may satisfie himself further, as concerning their more secret contents.

Within this City there are places ordained for *Fine Petticoat-Skirmishes*, and *gilded Chariot-Turnaments*. Now *fine Petticoats* are certain kinde of *Animals* that have neither feet nor teeth, but yet are very costly. There are some *Petticoats* which are onely of puff-work: these are subject with the least gale or gust of temptation, seconded with a fit opportunity, easily to be blown about their ears. There are other *Petticoat-Emissaries* which are the onely News-carriers from the Palace of *Good Fortunes*, but in favour onely of

of such as will be conducted by them. Some likewise are *Cross-grain'd Liveries*, which a Husband never sees, but that these displeasing objects make him to have sore eyes; howsoever (he saves nothing by it) he must perform his duty unaskt-for, he must nevertheless bestow them against his Will. As for gilded Chariots & Coaches, they are *pretty Engines* to trundle wealthy *Amoret-sa's* and *Amoretta's* about in. These have sometimes four Beasts to draw them without, and half a dozen Butter-Flies riding within. The first that enter *Mall's* Park, are not always the happiest, but rather the last; for these being freed from the throng, they may the better execute their brave designs, advance, retreat, thrust forward, cast flaming Darts without burning, discharge Pistols without noise; amongst which many other of the City-Coaches are suffered to exercise, which though they

make not so much noise, do as good execution, and many times come off and on with as great applause. In fine, amongst all their ordinary divertisements, this Mystery is the most publick, and yet the least understood; and those which cannot unriddle their winks and nods, and the Stenography of their black patches, their smiles and other subtile gesticulations, will take it onely for a confused noise and throng of Coaches, able to cause the *Meagrim* in ones head.

Nor is it more facile to finde out the nocturnal secret of their invisible Musick, which serves often but for a vail for their more private occasions, and is but a kinde of a troublesome confused noise to all that live nigh them, though it be a pleasing occupation for those who love to make merry at others costs; whereas, those which some Gallants call the *Evaporated Ladies*, will dance

in

in any place without a Fiddle, ſing good Prick-ſong without Book, and ſpeak all things without fear or wit; nor do ſuch harbour any malice, if you will believe them.

The Ladies of this Court, as of others, do not all of them affect the ſame ways; for ſome climb over the *Mountains* of *Advancement*, others creep under the *Hedge* of *Liberty* and *Toleration*; but moſt love the cloſe way of ſecret ſolitude, and a favourable opportunity.

There are ſome of this Sex likewiſe, that now and then alſo chuſe the *Golden Path*; but that is for the moſt part when they are abſolutely neceſſitated, and led into it by theſe two bad *Guides*, *old Age* and *ſmall deſires*.

But the beſt way for them, is a little of the one, and a little of the other; half Water, and half Wine; and will be a great advantage to all ſuch as can undergo a little, pleaſe

a little, expect sometimes, and undertake other times, like *Dutch* men, sail with every wind; and indeed such as these are ever most welcome to *Prince de l' Amour's* Court.

The Lady that is most cherished in the whole Court, and whose counsel is most followed, is the *Mode*; she is originally of *France*; a little wanton, but not unpleasing; her humour is fantastical, and very various; she condemns easily without any cause, that which she esteemed without a reason, and makes the *Caprichios* of some renowned *Amorista*, become a Law to all the Kingdom: she is Controuler of all new-fashioned Stuffs and Colours; and as Women cannot confine themselves within their just bounds and limits, but desire willingly to extend the same; so she undertakes for all things, yea, to their very language, insomuch, that none dare either do or say any thing, but it must be *a-la-mode*

la mode; yea, she hath so great a Vogue, and is become so puissant, that having stripp'd all other *Amorosa's* and *Amoretta's*, of whatsoever they possessed, to appropriate it to her self, if you ask any of them now what Hair have you? what Ribbands? what Head-tyes? or the like; they answer all, 'tis *A-la-mode*; nay, even their smiles and their gate is *A-la-mode*. In fine, 'tis a general obligation to have nothing of their own, all must be *A-la-mode*.

But the most active person in this Court is an old *Italian*, named *Intrigue*; she is of an obscure birth, and hitherto Historians cannot discover either her Father or her Mother: she always goes Mask'd, whether for the deformity of her Visage, or to keep her self the most concealed she can, is uncertain. One cannot truly tell how she is habited, by reason she is so disguised: some-

times

times she adorns her self like a great Person, sometimes she dresses her self like a Beggar; yea, sometimes she hides her self under a Frock of as many different colours as a Painters Apron, getting by this means free entrance into those places, where otherwise she would become suspected. Sometimes she is like a *Gypsie* or *Fortune-teller*; at other times she acts the part of a *Pedleress*, and trades in Pins and Needles, Cut-works, *Funders*-Laces, with all manner of suchlike bables. She walks more by night then by day, and oftner rides in a Coach then she goes on Foot; she never speaks but softly, and most commonly whispers in the ear: she vents nothing but deceipts, troubles, brawls, separation of body and goods, all manner of horn'd mischiefs. In fine, this good woman is a dissembling, ill-wishing, and the most wicked Beldam in the World,

who

who nevertheleſs hath free acceſs into the ſtatelieſt Cloſets, Bed-chambers; yea, even into *Hermits Cells*, and other places, both prophane and holy.

Beſides theſe two already-diſcovered great Myſteries, thoſe that are moſt welcome, and moſt ſought for in all this Court, are the ill-match'd ones, not ſo called for any defect of Grace or Ornament, but beauſe they are young beauties condemned to ſuffer under the Tyranny of ſome old, doting, impotent, jealous ſot; theſe ſeek for redreſs from the Privy-Council of *Prince de l' Amour*, where (Juſtice taking place) they obtained a diſpenſation, either to maintain a luſty Gentleman-uſher at home, or to wander abroad; and according to the dictates of their Conſciences to enjoy all their own Liberties.

Beſides theſe ſtrange Cattle, there were thoſe that would force you (whe-

(whether you would or no) to look and gaze upon them; these were called the *besmeared ones*, of which there are three sorts; the White-Plaisterers, the Red-Painters, and the Varnish-Daubers, which last Flye the Sun as much as the other shun the Rain. Some of these their naked parts are so crossed over with over-gross paintings (as they use in *Muscovia*) that you would imagine you saw some Statue or *Westminster* Tomb, rather then a living Creature; such a Cart-load of false colours ensconce their fairest beauties.

To draw to a conclusion; amongst these Ladies there are the *Admirable ones*, which nevertheless have nothing to be admired of them, but the name. And then the *Precious ones*, which at present were very common and cheap.

The *Ravishing ones*, that commit more rapes upon the purse then the hearts.

There

There are also the *Perplexed ones*, that have still ten plots in their heads, and twenty Gallants at their heels. Together with the little *Mincing Minions*, which ordinarily have as slender wits as wastes.

There were some also that have the titles of Saints, right Saint-*touch-me-not*, that would seem to be meer *Platonick Idea's*, which refuse all before the World, and deny nothing in a corner; *Cum multis aliis*.

The Air of this Country is so temperate and wholesome, that one seldom hears of any great maladies there; and if an *Amoretta* findes but the least change in her complexion, as any apparent redness, or the like, she makes her complaints to all the World, as if it were a most grievous out-rage that Nature had committed against Love: nor are they hindred from keeping their beds, provided that it be for some advantage to diversifie their game,

or any other interest, which experience alone can teach them.

But indeed there is nothing more delightful to behold in all this City, then the *Flying-hearts*, of which it is very full: they are covered with Flames and large Wings; and 'tis to be admired their Flames are so moderate, they do not scorch their Plumes: they court all the Ladies they meet, and tell them fine things in their ears; but are not much sollicitious, whether they be respected or disdained: these are a Sect by themselves, whose Founder, 'tis said, was one certain *Hylas*; they have taken the History of *Inconstant Lovers* for their *Directory*, and their Motto is, *Qui plus en aime, plus aime:* in one and the same conversation, they pearch upon one Ladies shoulders, on anothers head, in a thirds lap; and are so tame, that they may easily be taken by any fair ones hand: they do homage to this

Ladies

Ladies Eyes, to that Ladies Hair, and pay tribute to their lips and breasts: they flye at all, and stay with none; laugh at every Lady, and are scofft at again; for these *Flying-hearts* can laugh as well as speak.

Expect not here (gentle Reader) any exacter description of this Country, either of how I found it, or how I left it: you may better inform your selves, if you please but to take pains to give it such a visit as I did: if at your arrival there you do not finde these Countries, as I described them to you, blame not any defect in me: for their forms of Government are so continually altered, that one may describe ye the shape of *Proteus*, or the colour of a *Chamælion*, or tell ye what weather it will be to morrow, sooner then tender you any true knowledge of their discipline. For my part, I give the *Portugals* free leave to brag of

of their travels and large discoveries; I reached to the hight of my ambition, when with safety I saluted my Native Soyl. Farewel.

FINIS.